

THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV.

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✂ IN the next volume, commencing with the July number, we shall put out our whole strength. *Inter alia*, we have made such arrangements, with regard to current literature on the Continent, as will enable us to anticipate our friend "The Foreign Quarterly:" we shall be rich in papers that will make "The United Service" tremble to the tip of its cockade; and we also propose rendering "The Monthly Review"—respectable as it is—*vox et preterea nihil*. We shall give Foreign and Domestic Summaries; we shall attend to the Drama—poor thing! We shall let the world at large know what the Scientific people are all about: Art, in all its branches, shall have our especial attention. Inspired by success, we have gradually gathered a stalwart, sinewy cohort about us; and we hope to make the Magazine a perfect Mirror of the Month preceding its publication, as regards FOREIGN and DOMESTIC POLICY, LITERATURE, and IMPORTANT EVENTS, ART, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c. &c. At the same time, it will, most certainly, support its present admitted pretensions, to being by far the most lively of the periodicals. With a view of preventing "the wits" from being "cribb'd," we purpose increasing the quantity of letter-press, by a diminution in the size of the type, and an addition to the bulk of the numbers.

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Those among our host of correspondents to whom we have not yet replied, may expect private communications speedily. We have answered *seventy* since our last. One man in nine different notes, and *in totidem verbis*, persists that his verses would *do for the Magazine*. That is the very reason why we have declined accepting them.

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The gentlemen of our Review Department are still in arrear; but, determined as we are, that no book which reaches us shall remain unnoticed, we have taken measures that next month "will bring them up with a wet sheet."

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From some of our country editorial friends we have to solicit thirty days more grace: we promise them that our monthly compliment shall be accompanied with its arrears.



THE  
**MONTHLY MAGAZINE,**  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

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VOL. XV.]

JUNE, 1833.

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RECENT ATROCITIES OF THE RUSSIANS IN POLAND.

COMMUNICATIONS with Poland are now so difficult, that the public prints can give but vague and imperfect details on the deplorable fate of that heroic land. Russia, it is true, does not conceal her intentions with regard to Poland any longer from the rest of Europe. In abolishing the constitution guaranteed by the treaty of Vienna, she proclaims loudly her project of reducing the country to the rank of a province; but what she yet wishes to enshroud in a veil of mystery, is the atrocity of the measures she puts in force to attain this object. We shall present to our readers a few facts and official documents, the authenticity of which we can guarantee. Their simple reproduction here, without either reflection or commentary, will perhaps silence those men who, like Lord Durham and his clique, extol to the skies the good faith and generosity of the Emperor Nicholas.

The exportation of children is one of the means made use of to consummate the destruction of the Polish people. The imperial ukases for this measure spread terror and desolation through the kingdom. The terrified mothers ceased to send their children to the schools—so much so, that the municipal body of Warsaw was at last obliged to issue a proclamation, in which it declared, that the Emperor took under his protection only poor and orphan children; but the determination of this quality was made to depend on the arbitrary will and caprice of the military commandants.

It must however be allowed, that there are some men among the Russians who are sensible of the atrocity of their master's orders, but who, nevertheless, seek to propagate a belief that every thing done relatively to Poland is with the consent of the three united powers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. It is also worthy of remark, that the ukase only makes mention of orphans; but then, according to its definition, an orphan is, 1st, a child without a father, although he may possess a fortune; 2dly, a child whose parents are living, but who are in indigent circumstances. In order to find out these orphans, the following measures were taken by the Russian government:—They invited, at Warsaw, through the intermedium of the commissaries of police, and in the provinces through that of the "*commissaires d'arrondissemens*," all those who required assistance for their

children, to send in a declaration to that effect, which was accordingly done by a great many. Having thus obtained a long list of *poor* children, they were immediately seized; and in order to give a colouring of justice to the measure, it was stated to be in conformity to the wishes of their parents that the emperor took them under his protection. As to the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the veteran legions of Poland, their children were seized by force, and those who resisted were immediately delivered over to the military tribunals to be tried for insubordination. However, the major part of these men, settled for some time at Warsaw, had, by their labour and savings, derived the means of educating their own children. One of them, who possessed a house and garden in the Fauxbourg, and whose son had been seized, having in vain petitioned by writing for his release, found at last means of gaining access to the presence of Prince Paskiewicz. Throwing himself with his wife at the feet of the field marshal, he represented to him forcibly that he possessed the means of bringing up his son. "What! have you a house?" said the viceroy; "Good; but the emperor possesses millions of houses, he will therefore give your son a much better education than you can."

The little boys who used to hawk fruit and flowers about the streets of Warsaw, were publicly seized—for these all came under the category of vagabonds—and placed in the barracks of Alexander. Their heads were shaved, and they were sent off into the interior of Russia. To the frontiers of the kingdom they were transported on waggons; but once arrived there, the remainder of the journey was made on foot. An eye-witness has assured us, that out of 450 children of the first division transported, scarcely 115 reached Bobruysk alive: the rest had either perished, or were left behind to do so in the Russian hospitals. The next step was to seize all the male children of the parochial schools of the capital! But this was comparatively nothing to what took place in Lithuania, in Samozitia, Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine. There, children of both sexes were seized at the caprice of subaltern military commandants, and dragged off to the interior of Russia.

To every column of these unfortunate creatures there were attached some little Russian carriages (*kibitki*) for transporting the provisions, and such children as were unable to walk. If a child was taken ill on the march, he was abandoned in the *Steppe*, with a portion of bread and water placed by his side, sufficient to last for three or four days. Several persons recently arrived from Siberia, have fallen in with the corpses of some of these unfortunate young creatures, stretched beside the bread of which they had been unable to avail themselves. They likewise saw Polish prisoners, though heavily ironed, carrying in their arms some of these abandoned victims, whom they had picked up in their line of march. Again, these orders were executed in so arbitrary a manner, that the Cossacks and Baskirs who escorted the columns of prisoners, frequently sold the children to the Jews, or made presents of them to the Russian peasantry. But we will not descant more on the tender mercies of the autocrat towards the innocent children of Poland. We shall pro-

ceed to the second means of annihilation of the population of Poland—"the conscription." It is true that we have seen an imperial ukase which forbade the enlistment, in the Russian army, of the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the old Polish army; but by a singular interpretation of the amnesty granted to those men who returned from Austria and Prussia, it has been limited only to those who possess some landed property—an event of such rare occurrence among this class of men in Poland, that in 40,000 there would not be found perhaps ten who were by this means exempt from military service. After having thus annulled the effects of the amnesty, the soldiers were given to understand that it was a great favour accorded to them—that of receiving military pay in some remote part of Asia, instead of punishing them for their revolt. The inevitable effect of all these dispositions will be to deprive Poland of more than one-half of her adult population. It would be impossible to describe the terror caused by this ruthless order. On every side nothing was heard but lamentations, and the low breathings of implacable vengeance. One woman, indignant at so many atrocities, cried out, "May the tyrannical czar be drowned in the tears of Polish mothers!" Young men of the noblest families are now serving as privates in Russian regiments at 4,000 or 5,000 versts from Warsaw. Some time ago, the military commandant in that city, proposed to the Polish officers of the late engineer and artillery corps to enter the Russian service; but they, one and all, though they expressed their readiness to serve as civil engineers, refused to wear the Russian uniform. The emperor, informed of this, commanded every one of them to send in, in writing, the motives upon which their decision was based.

But what is another source of great abuse in Poland is, the procedure of the Russian court martials. *Before passing sentence, they are obliged to ask the field-marshal, the nature of the penalty to be awarded.* An auditor afterwards makes a report upon the affair, and, without ever seeing the accused, *they condemn him according to the order they receive.* After the capture of Warsaw a term was assigned within which all the inhabitants were ordered to deliver up their arms to the public authorities. A serjeant of the national guard had in his house the firelocks of the detachments he formerly commanded; he accordingly ordered his servant to carry them to the arsenal. On the eve of the expiration of the proscribed term, the servant, from some trifling cause, did not go till the next day; the serjeant was in consequence immediately arrested. The officer who had to take cognizance of this affair did not understand Polish, and the serjeant was equally unacquainted with Russian. They addressed a few words to him which he did not understand, and then made him get into a kibitka. It was only on arriving at the fortress of Zamosk that he learnt he was condemned to six months' hard labour. Whenever field-marshal Prince Paskiewicz appears in public, it is with all the arrogance and ostentation of a Persian satrap. As he was one day riding out, surrounded by a numerous staff, he met in one of the streets a labourer, who was quietly pursuing his occupation, heedless of the military cortège. Enraged at this "*insouciance*," and looking

on it as a mark of disrespect to his illustrious person, the prince ordered the poor fellow to be seized, and to receive, in his presence, fifty lashes of the knout.

The destruction of literary and scientific establishments is a third means employed by the Russian government to extinguish Polish nationality. The national library of Warsaw, containing 200,000 volumes, and especially rich in MS. of the ancient Slavonian literature, has been conveyed to St. Petersburg.

The numismatic cabinet, and that of engravings, have shared the same fate. The first was unique in Europe for the collection of ancient Polish and Slavonian coins: the last was presented for the use of the nation by the king Stanislaus Augustus and Count Stanislaus Potocki. Besides these spoliations, they have studiously carried off every thing that could revive the recollection of the ancient glory of the kingdom of Poland. In fact, the destruction of Polish nationality is pursued even in the most trifling details. Only the Russian colours are now seen, with which the military posts and parapets of all the bridges are painted; the public authorities are strictly ordered to tie together the leaves of all the official documents with these colours; the decoration of the white Eagle has been changed; the Russian Eagle has been substituted for that of Poland, and the colour of the ribbon from light to dark blue.

The bulletin of laws and the decrees of the administrative council, contain at present the Russian text opposite to the Polish; the Polish national cockade has been changed,\* and their decoration "*virtuti militari*," now glitters upon the breast of every Russian. In the meantime the fortifications of the citadel of Warsaw are rapidly advancing, while the outward aspect of that city has undergone a complete transformation. Nothing to be seen but Russian reviews — nothing to be heard but the shrill cry of the bearded Russian coachmen, as they drive at a furious rate their haughty masters with their starved beasts. On every side an Asiatic ostentation reigns. In the principal streets all the first floors are occupied by Russian families; but the capital supports her misfortune with heroic dignity. The inhabitants seldom appear abroad. In no public fête is the face of a Pole seen. The people, with all the energy of their character, appear resolved to rise superior to their fate. Sanguine in their hopes of deliverance, they look for the arrival of the French and Hungarians as if they were only a few leagues from their gates; and ever ready to fight for their independence, they stand erect and feel their moral superiority over their barbarous oppressors.

In Lithuania, some thousands of inhabitants, goaded to desperation, have taken refuge in the forests of Beallossies, where they have been carrying on with some success a partisan warfare. There are among them many distinguished individuals, followed by their families and the entire population of some villages, who had only this alternative left them, of saving themselves and their children from death and exile.

\* When this decoration was sent to General Rudiger, he said, "C'est une carte blanche pour avoir un soufflet à l'étranger."



The indomitable spirit of the gallant Poles keeps the Russian authorities constantly on the alert. During the day, of late, the streets are constantly patrolled by strong Russian detachments, and more than once the garrison has bivouacked all night in the streets and public squares. So fearful are they lest their troops should imbibe any local attachments, that all intercourse between the Russian officers and the Polish inhabitants is strictly forbidden. The cantonments of their regiments are constantly changed, and it is the intention of the Russian government to relieve their army of occupation every six months—rather an expensive measure, we apprehend, for the exhausted treasury of Nicholas Paulovitch.

From the stern and lofty resignation of the gallant Poles there are some sanguine spirits, who fondly imagine that the regeneration of their ill-fated land may yet be achieved, and that the first "*coup de canon*" fired in Europe would be the trumpet of Polish resurrection. But even were the prospects of a general war less remote than they really are, such a glorious consummation is now a political dream. The energies of Poland may be unsubdued, but her resources are exhausted; her elements of resistance are scattered, while she writhes within the iron grasp of her gigantic and ruthless foe beyond the power of redemption. No! the fate of that gallant people is irrevocably sealed; the favourable moment for action has been twice allowed, within the space of twenty years to escape, and Poland will remain to the latest posterity a monument of the false policy of two different but not remote periods. The first was, the political error of Napoleon, the non-re-organization of that ancient kingdom at the period of the invasion of Russia in 1812. We allow that the failure of that great enterprise may be attributed to military causes, to the violation of the principle of a *base*, and to the extension upon too gigantic a scale of the line of operations—still it was a fatal political error that materially influenced the final direction of the tide of affairs. But equally fatal, if not more so, to the future independence of western Europe, will prove the temporizing inertia, the drivelling policy of the governments of France and England, who have deserved the curses of future generations.

Well do we recollect that when a universal cry of sympathy resounded through regenerated France in favour of heroic Poland, that Sebastiani strove in a Machiavellian discourse to convince the Chamber of Deputies of the *strategic* impossibility of an armed intervention on the part of France in favour of Poland, by holding up to them the gigantic military means of the powers of the north. Never was legislative assembly so cajoled and deceived. Not only was the operation practicable, but we boldly assert that the issue of the campaign would have been widely different: it was not necessary to march across Germany. Had France or England have only despatched a squadron to the Baltic, it would have acted upon the very line of communication of the Russian army—it might also have thrown into Polangen both arms and ammunition, of which the Poles stood in such need, that the third rank of their regular regiments, and the entire of their partisan corps, were armed only with scythes. Again, while the manly effects of this intervention upon the population of Poland



would have been electric, its paralysing influence on the operations of the Russians, whose general was compelled to change his manœuvres five different times, would have been decisive.

We are aware that it will be urged that such a line of policy would have thrown the weight of Austria and of Prussia into the opposite scale. But could their open hostility have proved more fatal to the cause of Polish independence than their treacherous neutrality? So far from it, the attention of these two states would have been attracted to a more distant sphere of action—to the Tyrol and Italy—to Westphalia and the Rhine, conquered dependencies, that only waited till the tri-coloured flag was unfurled, to rise, and with one majestic effort hurl the oppressors from their soil. But, alas, for the honour of our times, a master-mind to conjure up this storm to save Europe, was no where to be found. Poland has expired; and from what is passing in the East, the balance of power is now a political chimera, and all this may be laid at the door of the *doctrinaires* of France and their confederates, the Whigs of England.

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#### AMATEUR NATURALISTS.

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MANY of our readers are probably aware that the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed the sum of eight thousand pounds to be applied in the production of a work on the Power, Wisdom, and Glory of God, as manifested by the Creation—conferring on Davies Gilbert, then President of the Royal Society, the power of selecting the fortunate author. The cautious president, however, divided the special trust reposed in him with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. Of this great triumvirate, the first patent official act was, instead of confiding the labour to one philosopher, to parcel it out among eight—namely, Mr. Whewell, Mr. Kirby, Dr. Roget, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Kidd, and Dr. Somebody-else, whose specific designation we forget. It has been objected to this arrangement, by an able writer in one of our most sterling and upright periodicals, “that the testator’s intentions would have been more fully carried into effect by making it worth the while of a man of acknowledged power to devote a few years to the completion of the whole task. In that case,” the writer continues, “he might have bestowed his whole and undivided abilities upon the subject, and thus struck out some novelty, and at any rate brought to bear the entire weight of modern science on the labour.” From this we must beg to differ. Who, in a few years, or even in a life, could do so? No one. A man may be an admirable Crichton—he may fence and sing *à merveille*—speak seven languages—and dispute in the schools against all comers; but we rarely meet with one who has attained pre-eminence even in any two or three, out of the many branches of science. Each of these requires long research, and patient industry—they are not to be carried at a *coup-de-main* even by the most brilliant talent, however strengthened it may be by an intimate acquaintance with some sister

science. Every one of them is a jealous mistress—to be won only by constant attention. What does Dr. Buckland know of entomology? Could he give such unanswerable proofs of the existence of a Deity, from the physiology of insects as Samouelle or Kirby? from that of the molluscous animals as Sowerby? from that of birds as Swainson or Yarrell? from human anatomy as Bell? from natural chemistry as Faraday? from botany as Brown? But, in geology, Buckland is a giant—and it is fit that he should “stick to his wax.”—A young gentleman was one day making some awkward attempts on the Thames to skate. The spectators tittered; and a foolish friend, hoping to put them to the blush, remarked, “It is true that he does not shine as a skater; but nobody can beat him as a swimmer.” “Then,” said some one, “let him break the ice and swim.” Had one person presumed to have written the projected grand Bridgewater Treatise, while floundering among FISH, or grovelling with the REPTILES, it would prove of no avail for his friends to assert that he was a great astronomer, or learned in the causes of capillary attraction.

We admit that the Bridgewater Treatises, according to the present arrangement, may display many instances of the same conclusions being drawn from different arguments. But what of that? The instances, at least, will be correct—or at least so far correct as not to be beneath the highest level of human knowledge, which they could not possibly be, had they all been presented to us by one hand.

The first of the Bridgewater Treatises, entitled “Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology, by the Rev. William Whewell, M. A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge,” appeared some weeks ago; and cotemporarily with it, came out a work, by the Rev. Henry Fergus, of Dumferline,—“The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfections and Government of God.” From his title, it will be seen, that the author has evidently aimed at the production of the book contemplated by the Earl of Bridgewater—of performing that in one volume, for which eight have been deemed necessary by the late President of the Royal Academy, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London—adding too, the Testimony of Revelation to that of Nature. His intentions were doubtless excellent, and his abilities are apparently of a high order. But he has attempted a task, which no man living could execute: it is not extraordinary, therefore, that in some sections of his work, he should fail;—he has done so,—particularly where he ventures to skim the surface of Natural History. He does not pretend to go deep into the subject; but even on the froth he is strangely out of his element.

There are many persons who consider themselves qualified to write about Natural History, because they have read Pliny, Buffon, and some of the trashy zoological publications of the day. They constitute a class—they are the Amateur Naturalists. Last month we battered the head of one of them—the Field Book phenomenon—in such a manner, that he will never be able to hold it up again. But Mr. Fergus is a different character; *he* deserves to be treated as a gentleman; and we shall only go so far with him, as to point out the dan-

ger of venturing out of one's depth—the risk one incurs of becoming ridiculous, by being an Amateur Naturalist.

At page 70, our author, speaking of birds, makes the following remark:—"The breast-bone is formed like the prow of a ship, so that the bird can pass easily through the water." This is an error; the ridge, vulgarly called the keel, does not facilitate its progress through the water, but through the air; its office being to afford accommodation to the pectoral muscles which work the wings. Speaking generally, it is, as a matter of necessity, much deeper in the flying, than in swimming birds: among the latter it is also not only clothed with flesh, but covered with plumage impervious to the water; and so disposed as to render the breast nearly flat:—*vide, passim*, that of an unplucked duck at the first poulterer's you pass.

At p. 72, Mr. Fergus considers the bat as being a bird. Now the merest tyro in ornithology knows that no bird suckles its young, and brings them forth alive: this the bat does, and is therefore arranged in the class Mammalia, separated only, in the systems of the best authors, by the quadrumanous animals, from man himself. At p. 84, he tells us, without noticing any exception, that fish are provided with a scaly coat of mail, which, he seems to think, serves not only for their defence, but to facilitate their motion through the water. It would have been as well, perhaps, for him to have known that the eel, the ray, and even the shark, possess nothing of the kind.

At p. 86, we find the following passage:—"The innocuous Llama, which uses neither feet nor *teeth* against its enemies, is not destitute of the means of defence. It is provided, we are told, with an acrimonious saliva, which it can eject to the distance of several yards." Had the Reverend Henry Fergus been a practical, instead of an amateur naturalist, he would have known that "the innocuous Llama" has *canine* teeth of considerable power; in fact, at the Zoological Gardens, an individual of the species very recently bit a keeper's thumb off. The acrimonious saliva of the which our author speaks is mere fiddle-de-dee. The Llama, when irritated, ejects its lump of *cud* which is irritating only from the spiculæ of half-masticated grass which it contains.

At page 89, the reverend author talks of the sting of a bee as being "a little piece of *armour*!" At page 124, he braves common criticism so far as to call the domestic hen a *stupid* and *timorous* bird! At page 292, he says, that the few serpents which are venomous, form a protection to all the tribe. This is so far from being correct, that in all countries, almost every species, however innocuous, is indiscriminately destroyed, if possible, when met with, on account of the popular attributes of the tribe to which it belongs. Thus, in England, the harmless snake is quite as frequently battered to death, as the venomous viper: so that the few which are noxious may, in fact, be deemed a serious evil rather than a protection to the rest of the tribe.

At page 121, he calls the cayman A FISH! He might just as well have denominated my Lords Althorp and Anglesea alligators. The crocodiles are *lizards*. Nobody, before our reverend author, so far as our reading extends, ever ventured to call the *reptiles* fishes.

In another place he makes a fish of the whale: which, however, so far from being obnoxious to such degradation, is a *warm-blooded mammiferous* creature, actually moving in the same class as the Reverend Henry Fergus himself.

## BLANNAID,

A LEGEND OF FIONGLAISE.

“Lascia ch’il ——— venga!”—ALFIERI.

*Bruto Secundo.*

## I.

Whose form reclines along the grass,  
That skirts the banks of Fionglaise?  
Whose eyes are those, that listless stray  
Upon its waters’ dimpled way,  
As purely clear and blue as they?—  
And now upturned in ecstasy,  
Dwell on the evening’s cloudless sky—  
And now cast down, that forehead fair,  
Bends o’er the heaven that trembles there,  
Upon the wave whose bosom’s flow  
Reflects the sunset’s golden glow:—  
Who gazes on the Daingean’s wall,  
Which brightens in the sunbeam’s smile?—  
’Tis she—the mistress of it all,  
Fair Blannaid of the Western Isle.

## II.

How calmly flows that gentle tide,  
With not a ripple on its breast;  
The heather winding by its side,  
Is vainly kissing it to rest—  
But faithless in its wanton play,  
It mocks that kiss and speeds away:—  
The weeping willow strives to lave  
Its blossom in the wily wave;  
The timid aspen tries to hide  
Its foliage in the tiny tide;—  
But fleet as hope’s delusive dream,  
The passage of that mountain stream;  
And false as man’s fidelity,  
Its passion for that trusting tree!

## III.

There’s silence in that fortress’ hall—  
The banner droops along the wall  
Unguarded and alone;—for they  
Who watched it well are far away.  
The faulchion slumbers in the sheath;  
The lance no longer points to death;  
The wolf-hound slumbers at the gate,  
Nor hears the hunter’s cry;  
The dun deer there at evening late  
Is fearless bounding by:—



No voice disturbs the silent air  
 On lonely hill or brake—  
 The merry horn is waking there  
 No echo on the lake.  
 And she looks at the forest, that lady fair,  
 As if she feared that some foe was there ;  
 And her brow it glows, and her cheek it is flushed,  
 As the sudden blood from her bosom rushed,  
 Dyeing it with that hue which gives  
 To the rose's and lily's mingled leaves  
 That blended beauty, whose loveliness  
 Might be shaded by more of each, or less :  
 And her heart beats high, as if with that beat  
 Which would rise for a lover alone at her feet.

## IV.

As falls the twilight's silent hour,  
 Why steals that lady to the bower,  
 And with a step so slow—so still,  
 As proves a consciousness of ill?—  
 For if one wayward breath of air  
 But wanton with the aspen there,  
 She starts, as though the noiseless stir  
 Had menaced danger dark to her;—  
 The very wave that poured along  
 Its lulled and melancholy song,  
 Was loud as tho' a thousand streams  
 Had roused her from her midnight dreams.

## V.

Whate'er she felt, is felt no more :  
 Her fears, her hopes, her doubts are o'er—  
 One moment sees her pausing there  
 Within that twilight grove,  
 As tho' she gathered strength to bear  
 Th' abandonment of love.  
 The *next*—oh ! how her neck and face  
 Are burning in that wild embrace !  
 The beating of her heart is thrill'd,  
 As if that shock of rapture still'd  
 In all its heat that fiery blood  
 Which rushed in its volcanic flood !

## VI.

And who is he within whose arms  
 Reposed those almost lifeless charms,—  
 And whose the lips that, hot and quick,  
 Are straying o'er that glowing cheek ?  
 'Tis he who won her by the sword—  
 'Tis he—but not her wedded lord ;—  
 And he is come to claim that heart  
 Whose throbbings could not live apart  
 From him, tho' time and distance strove  
 To wean her from unhallowed love.  
 Alas ! that still and stealthy pace,  
 That blush of guilt upon her face,  
 That timid glance—that start which shan  
 So sudden sends along her frame :—  
 The terror lest some prying eye  
 The weakness of her heart may spy—



All, all those fears from conscience prove  
 That clasp is not of lawful love !  
 She murmurs in that lowly tone  
 Which breathe the sinking lungs alone  
 When every fibre hath been broken,  
 And Death its certain doom hath spoken ;  
 He whispers to her ear——“ My love,  
     Cuthullin lives and comes for thee—  
 There's silence round, and from above  
     The starlight trembles o'er the sea ;  
 Beneath yon dark and distant cliff  
 Impatient swings my winged skiff,  
 And woos the wind to waft us o'er  
 Where pain or sorrow never more  
 Shall shed again its bitter wrath  
 Upon our wild and wayward path :—  
 And see, within those mountain heights  
 Are waiting full five hundred knights,  
 Impatient for the hour when I  
     Will lead them to revenge, and thou,  
 My faithful trembler, from on high  
     The path to their revenge shall show :  
 For they, my followers, all have sworn  
 The wrongs and insults I have borne,  
 In such a way shall be repaid  
 As eye ne'er saw, or tongue ne'er said !”

## VII.

“ Thy skiff is floating on the bay,—  
 This night shall see us far away,  
 But—shed not blood—his followers all  
 Have long departed from his hall,  
 And I have cared no hand or eye  
 Shall mar, or see us when we fly.  
 He is alone—his death can ne'er  
 Avail thee in thy purpose here ;—  
 And 'twere unknightly that his doom  
 Should from an hundred daggers come.”  
 “ Speak not to me of knightly faith—  
     Nor yet of silent scorn—  
 Think'st thou I would not fly to death  
     Than bear what I have borne,  
 Did I not hope some happy hour  
 Would bring Conree within my power—  
 Did I not cherish, mid my grief,  
 The only thought which brought relief,  
 The hope that I might live to see  
 Without one friend, my enemy ?—  
 Oh ! no—thy woman's heart may melt  
 Because it cannot e'er have felt  
 Th' undying, slow, consuming thirst—  
 The silent rage that longs to burst—  
 The gnawing pain that will not slumber  
 One hour of all that time can number,  
 Until revenge hath cleared the debt  
 Which, day or night, she can't forget.

## VIII.

" I love thee, Blannaid, with a love  
Which none can tell, and few can prove—  
But, by that God\* for whom we raise  
On mountain tops the holy blaze,  
If from his burning throne above  
He came to offer me thy love,  
That I might spare one moment's pain  
To him who ne'er shall smite again—  
By HIM but he would come in vain!  
Nay—had he all his treasure given,  
I'd spurn the rapture of his Heaven  
Rather than one poor hour forego  
A torture for my fallen foe.

## IX.

" I've seen Binn Bouchi's eagle fly  
As if his home were in the sky—  
And marked I still his daring flight,  
Until he melted from my sight;  
When, if ten thousand voices there  
Had shouted to the son of air,  
Thine own soft, gentle, timid sigh  
Had reached him sooner than that cry;—  
I've seen Clan Lawrence flashing fall  
Roll roaring from its mountain wall  
Eight hundred feet from rock to rock,  
Which totters with that watery shock:—  
Go! stop that wheeling eagle's course—  
Arrest that torrent's frantic force—  
But think not, Blannaid, trust not e'er  
To still one pulse of vengeance here!

## X.

" Thou can'st not hope time will erase  
From out my soul my name's disgrace—  
When—shame for knighthood's broken laws,  
And shame unto the hand which draws  
The sword on him who would not yield,  
The captive of a well-fought field,  
But that in battle's fitful game  
Fortune had fled his honoured name:—  
Oh! no—the memory of that day  
Shall *never—never* pass away,  
When, naked—helpless—lone I lay  
Upon the bloody plain;  
And every moan my anguish drew—  
And every look of rage I threw  
Was drawn and thrown in vain!  
And *he*—thy husband—whom to name  
My lips should be enwrapp'd in flame  
To wither and to blast him, came  
And bound my bleeding limb.\*  
Approach, my Blannard, draw more near,  
And let me whisper to thine ear,  
Lest even a shrub or stone might hear

\* Baal—whom the ancient Irish worshipped.

† Custom of conquerors in single combat amongst the Irish.

The tale of my disgrace :—  
 His hand then clipp'd the raven hair  
 Which, knight-like, waved in ringlets there,  
 And shadow'd o'er my face !  
 Twelve moons Binn Bouchi's wilderness  
 Concealed my grief and mad despair.  
 Thou knowest it was for thee I bled—  
 When coming like a thief he stole  
 Thee—thee, the idol of my soul ;—  
 I would not rest my weary head  
 In shieling low or Daingean gay  
 Until I first had traversed o'er  
 From Lergan's wild and shrubless shore,  
 Even to the hills of Soloched.  
 Thou knowest the issue of that day—  
 I fell—and morning's early ray  
 Saw thee and Conree far away—  
 And I—

But yet thou see'st now  
 The ringlet waving o'er my brow,  
 As long and free as though a stain  
 Upon this head had never lain ;  
 And I will meet mine enemy  
 Where never eye of friend can see,  
 Or heed him in the hour that's nigh—  
 Unaided—helpless—he must die.  
 Thou see'st yonder sheltering wood,—  
 Five hundred knights, both brave and good,  
 Are waiting for the time,  
 When thou the torch shalt wildly wave,  
 To light him to his bloody grave  
 Before the morning's prime.  
 His Clana Deagha, distant far,  
 Shall never hear the sound of war.  
 It is not that their force I fear,  
 But, lest my hope of vengeance here  
 Might yet be foiled if they were near."

## XI.

" Oh ! never," quoth Blannaid, " my love,  
 Shall fearful separation prove  
 The strength of passion which we know,  
 But which as yet hath sprung from woe.  
 Thou knowest the force which from thy side  
 First tore thy self-betrothed bride ;  
 Thou can'st not know the hate and scorn  
 For him my soul hath ever borne :—  
 Go ! and at noon of night thou'lt see  
 If love and vengeance live in me :—  
 Go ! and if first my foolish heart  
 Hath felt a moment's pity, *then*  
 Thou'lt find such weakness can depart,  
 And never to return again :—  
 Go ! and when first thy watchful eye  
 Shall view my red torch streaming high,  
 Thou'lt know the fatal hour is come,  
 Which darkly gives him to the tomb !"

## XII.

She vanished lightly, and her foot  
Fell gentler than the night-dew mute ;  
And had you seen her white robe there,  
Like floating mist upon the air,  
You'd say it were the Benshee's eye  
Was glancing as she glided by.

## XIII.

It is that hour when to the eye  
The tears, but not of sorrow, start,  
And swells the full and loving heart,  
And we would weep we know not why ;—  
When at this witching time we feel  
No thoughts but those of rapture steal ;  
And the calm Heaven we gaze upon  
In silent love would wile us on  
To break the bonds which bind us here,  
And mingle in its happy sphere !

## XIV.

Sliev Misha's mountain raised on high  
His barren forehead to the sky ;  
And in the dusk were mingled all  
The wood—the hill—the castle-wall ;  
And not one object might you see  
To mar that blended harmony.  
But lo ! what sudden shooting light  
Uplifts its splendour wild and bright ?  
First slowly, and now madly streaming—  
The dark gray battlement is gleaming.  
What means that low and murm'ring hum,  
As if the answering spirits come  
Upon the midnight's rising gale,  
To lift it to the throne of Baal ?—  
That sound is now no longer low,  
But from the mountain's craggy brow  
The voices of five hundred fling,  
As rapid as the lightning's wing,  
A fearful cry ;—the startled deer  
On Brena's side that shouting hear ;  
Binn Bouchi's eagle hears the shriek,  
And fiercely whets his bended beak ;  
The wild swan closed her sheltering wing,  
And stilled her nestlings' fluttering !

## XV.

The wolf-hound, when the whistle shrill  
Shrieks clear along the heathery hill,  
Starts not more quickly from the steep,  
Than Conree from his troubled sleep—  
One moment listened—till his ear  
Caught the true sound of danger near.  
The lamp that lit his slumbering hour—  
Its sickly gleam is there no more.  
He sprung from off his couch, and sought—  
As if in mad despair—  
His own good sword ; but there was not  
Or sword, or buckler there !

For she, alas! his faithless bride,  
 Had stolen them from her husband's side.  
 The chamber-door he quickly gained,  
 To burst its massive strength he strained;  
 But no! his efforts cease at length—  
 That bolt defies a mortal's strength.  
 Then consciousness, with maddening pain,  
 Flashed wildly on his wildered brain;  
 That she whom he had won and loved,  
 The fair Blannaid, had faithless proved—  
 And, with a paramour to fly,  
 Had left him there alone to die!  
 He shouted—and a mingled cry  
 Of rushing hundreds made reply:—  
 He shouted, and then tried once more  
 In vain to burst his prison-door:  
 He listened—and the din outside  
 Rose louder, and was spread more wide.  
 He shouted o'er that loud alarm,  
 Even 'till his voice was riven,  
 The vigour to his single arm  
 Of twenty men is given;—  
 The barrier that had bound him fast,  
 Gives way before his strength at last.

## XVI.

He darted through with speed of wind,  
 As though the avenger were behind.—  
 Is it the summer's early day  
 Shoots through that hall its vivid ray?  
 Is it the quivering lightning gleams  
 Across his path its blood-red streams?  
 Oh! no, the sheeted, blazing glare,  
 Which winds around his footstep there,  
 Is not the day, or lightning dire—  
 His father's fortress is on fire!  
 And he enclosed, unarmed, alone,  
 Must view destruction's work go on;  
 And like a dying hound must see  
 The insults of his enemy,  
 Without the power one life to take,  
 Though fruitless—yet for vengeance sake!  
 Where are his Clana Deagha now?—  
 Who, if he wound one single horn,  
 Had bounded like the mingled flow  
 Of torrents on a stormy morn:  
 And hearing but that single note,  
 Had made his lordly banner float,  
 Where thousands met a bloody grave,  
 And stream o'er victory's topmost wave!

## XVII.

O'erthrown in heart and mind he stood,  
 And idiot-like gazed on the flood  
 Of smoke and flame that rolled and roared  
 Along, and sparks that upward soared:



With folded arms he hears them come,  
 The revellers o'er his fiery tomb.—  
 Strong and iron is that gate;  
 But yet its hard and massive weight  
 Cannot resist the onset long  
 Of many an arm both brave and strong.  
 'Tis burst! then onward rolls in pride,  
 Unstayed, unstemmed, that living tide,  
 With scattered ranks,  
 Like river o'er its bursten banks!  
 One moment Conree stood; a cry  
 Rose as he met the victor's eye—  
 He stood, as one who hath no hope  
 Or thought with hundred arms to cope :—  
 One moment only—with a spring  
 He bounds amid them there,  
 As if 'twere but one living thing  
 Could serve to his despair;—  
 He springs into the midst, before  
 A hostile falchion smote,  
 And griping as to loose no more,  
 His hand is on *one* throat!  
 A hundred daggers gleam on high—  
 Cuthullin bends his blood-shot eye  
 Upon his bleeding prostrate foe,  
 And looks upon the welling tide  
 Which redly from him flows, as though  
 Revenge were yere yet ungratified.

## XVI.

The morning dawns—its tender ray  
 Is glimmering o'er a rugged grave  
 Where he, clan Deagha's chieftain, lay—  
 No eye to mourn the vainly brave—  
 No hand amid his followers all  
 To guard, or to avenge his fall—  
 No hand, save one—which, all too late  
 To turn aside his bloody fate,  
 Could only wipe the tears which start  
 When death's last anguish breaks the heart—  
 No voice but one to soothe the pain  
 When life is on the wing to fly,  
 And try, but try, alas! in vain,  
 To answer back the dying eye,  
 And whisper, "Die in peace, my chief,  
 I will not think of idle grief,  
 But vengeance on thy treacherous foe,  
 And her, thy spouse, who laid thee low.  
 I will but send thy funeral dirge  
 To float upon the sorrowing surge,  
 And heap thy cairn so white and high  
 As will attract the stranger's eye,  
 And live above Sliev Misha's bay,  
 The theme of many a future day.  
 Thou'lt see if vengeance can belong  
 Unto a peaceful son of song—  
 This foolish tear—away! away!—

This latest grief is all in vain ;  
 Feirchertne of the martial lay  
 Shall never wake the song again  
 For red branch knight or lady gay !”

## XVII.

The bird, in prison long imprest,  
 Seeks not her desolated nest,  
 Nor speeds her wing o'er ocean's foam,  
 To rest it on her rocky home,  
 With half the joy that Blannaid knew  
 When from those hated walls she flew :  
 And all her woes are now forgot,  
 And Conree is remembered not—  
 Or if at all, one saddening pain  
 Within her joyous breast remain—  
 When memory of th' unburied corse  
 Of him she left, might bring remorse—  
 For treachery and foul deceit,  
 Which dashed him at his victor's feet,  
 Without a blade to sell his life  
 'Gainst hosts in the unequal strife—  
 For this, perchance, if one regret  
 Around her heart might slumber yet,  
 'Tis lingering there, as low and lone  
 As is the solitary moan  
 Which, from the wind-lute's finest string,  
 One sorrowing breath hath power to wring ;—  
 Whilst loud the joyous numbers float,  
 Unheeded is *one wailing* note !

## XVIII.

'Tis evening, and the autumn sun  
 His shorter course hath almost run ;  
 But quivering yet, his mellow light  
 Sleeps upon Rinchin Beara's height.  
 He sinks ! but not in cloudless blue ;  
 For, swelling o'er the darkening sky,  
 The clouds, like mountains piled on high,  
 Their gloomy length a shadow threw :—  
 The sea, before as smooth as glass,  
 Is roughening as they onward pass ;  
 And though the hour be still and warm,  
 Yet night will see the coming storm.  
 In Ulster's royal court to-night  
 Moves many a lady's footstep light,  
 And glances many an eye,  
 Which, though that autumn's sun may sink  
 In wrath on Rinchin Beara's brink,  
 His light may well supply.  
 The evening's banquetting is o'er—  
 The guest his goblet crown'd no more—  
 The minstrel hushed awhile his strain  
 To gaze upon the darkening main.

## XXIX.

Amid that gay and glittering throng  
 Which roamed the mountain's brow along,

And viewed the sun, in clustering crowds,  
 Embosomed in his house of clouds,  
 And darting thence his angry glance  
 Upon the ocean's dark expanse,  
 Is one dark form apart, alone—  
 Beside a monumental stone,—  
 As one who, weary of the tomb,  
 Had left awhile his dreary home,  
 And come, his night of slumber o'er,  
 To view the blessed light once more!  
 His gaze, ill-omened as the storm,  
 Is fixed upon one lovely form.—  
 —Of Connor's royal court the pride,  
 Was brave Cuthullin's beauteous bride.  
 The Red Knight thought not of his toil  
 In Tourney, if there beamed a smile  
 From Blannaid of the Western Isle :—  
 The novice, 'ere the faulchion bright  
 Had dubbed him consecrated knight,  
 Performed his wondrous feats, nor felt  
 The ardour in his bosom melt,  
 If, as he lowly passed her by,  
 She bent on him her azure eye.

## XX.

That stranger's step moved onward where  
 The crag three hundred feet in air  
 Hung drooping with its shrubless brow,  
 Full sheer into the gulf below :—  
 The ocean sent its boiling tide  
 To roar and burst against its side ;  
 Upon that dizzy height he stood,  
 And gazed adown the tortured flood ;  
 And on the crowd he fixed his look,  
 And from beneath his mantle took  
 A harp, and when its chords were strung,  
 A fun'ral descant thus he sung :—

“ There was a time I might have wept  
 O'er beauty's quick decay,—  
 The tear which once had idly crept,  
 Must now be dashed away ;—  
 But yet it costs some pain to dry  
 That foolish weakness of the eye !

“ There was a time I might have prayed,  
 And bent to earth my brow,  
 And felt that then I might have stayed  
 The doom I hasten *now*.—  
 But no !—my head no thought must wear,  
 Save that of deepest vengeance there.

“ My harp !—thou solace of thy lord,  
 I fling thee in the main—  
 No other finger o'er thy chord  
 Shall ever stray again,—  
 Feircheirtre's eye hath shed the tear  
 For thee, the last that lingers here !”

## XXI.

The noise was hushed when first the dirge  
 Rose softly o'er the hoarser surge—  
 Attracted by the music's sound,  
 In haste they came and gathered round.  
 They stood even when he sung no more,  
 As if they could not deem it o'er;  
 And much they marvelled mortal had  
 A voice at once so sweet and sad.  
 His eye to them he did not raise,  
 But seemed as if he scorned the praise  
 Of all but *one*:—fair Blannaid spoke,  
 As from her snow-white hand she took  
 A ring—why doth that minstrel start?  
 As death's last pang were at his heart!—  
 "Stranger, those melancholy lays,  
 Like some I've heard in other days,  
 Have waked a moment's passing pain,  
 I hoped would never wake again,—  
 And brought into my lid a tear,  
 I thought no longer lingered here.—  
 Of southern province is that air,  
 I heard it once, a captive there,—  
 And though in Ulster's land I dwell,  
 I love Momonia's \* music well."—  
 "Lady,—no gift—but on my knee  
 One lowly boon I beg from thee;—  
 Thy beauty drew me here—thine eye  
 First waked my uncouth minstrelsy;—  
 Let but my lip in fondness press,  
 Thy soft—small—white hand's loveliness,  
 And I will deem that rapture more  
 Than bard, or knight, possessed before."  
 She smiled, and gave her hand; he pressed  
 It close unto his throbbing breast;—  
 He firmly grasped that hand, and placed  
 His arm around her slender waist;—  
 His cheek is pale—his eye is wild!  
 And Blannaid would have back recoil'd;  
 He clasps her form—he nears the steep;  
 His foot is on its brow—  
 Then dashes with her at one wild leap,  
 Three hundred feet below!  
 So sudden was that daring deed,  
 No hand could save—no eye could heed!

## XXII.

—The demon of the storm is out;  
 Afar is heard his gathering shout:  
 The rain drops from the black sky pour  
 Into the swelling wave—  
 As if it shed that pitying shower  
 Upon Feirchertne's grave,  
 That minstrel heart should never sleep,  
 Unwept on earth or in the deep!

---

\* Munster.

## THE BOTTLE MUST BE BROKEN.

IN a recent number of *The Waterford Mirror*, a new species of pensioner has been announced; it accords precisely with its congeners, in being slimy, creeping, and all but a reptile. It takes a sinecure office when young, and fattens, in time, to such a degree, that it is impossible to dislodge it without destroying its filthy den. The *specific* variation from the human Do-Nothings, with which it claims to be classed, is, that *when cooked* it furnishes an agreeable and luscious dish. With the attractions of £800 a-year drawn from the public purse, and her own intrinsic loveliness, Mrs. Arbuthnot, perhaps, well *dressed*—but now for the *Waterford Mirror* :—

“A few days ago, a boy at Arthburston, county Wexford, on the river of Waterford, perceived *something of a very unusual appearance, floundering upon the mud at low water.*”

Don't faint, gentle public! This was not the lovely Mrs. Arbuthnot. You pay her £800 a-year, and she was reclining, full of grace and gratitude on a splendid sofa—sweet thing!

“Upon a nearer approach, the boy found it to be a *quart bottle*, which showed many symptoms of animation.”

Now, although we admit that there are numerous human quart bottles on the pension-list, which display many symptoms of animation—at least about the period of pay day—yet they differ widely from the Honourable Mrs. Arbuthnot. To give the beauty her due, she *always* exhibits symptoms of animation, and has something of an unusual *appearance*. Few women, perhaps, can match Mrs. Arbuthnot; and certainly no one can rival her among her brother and sister quart-bottles. The male part of the *fungi*, or *acari*, are easily distinguishable, by their particularly well-cut coats, with **CORKS IN THE NECKS OF THEM**. Mrs. Arbuthnot wears a head. But to go back to the boy :—

“He seized the bottle, which was found to contain a **LARGE EEL**, so much thicker than the bottle neck, that it is supposed the eel must have made its lodgment there *when much younger and smaller*, and for the purpose of liberating the fish, it was necessary to break the bottle. The bottle seemed to be a good nursery, for the eel, when cooked, furnished an agreeable and luscious dish.”

So then it turns out, after all, that our bottle was the sinecure, not the sinecurist—the office, not the office-holder—it had an inhabitant, it was *filled*; an eel had wriggled into it, and would not come out until it couldn't. Oho! Then we have committed a *faux-pas*. The Honourable Mrs. Arbuthnot has been compromised, and we owe her an apology. It seems that while striving to prove that she was not a quart-bottle, floundering in the mud, we ought to have been convincing the world that she was not a large eel in the bottle—“so much thicker than the bottle neck,” that it might be premised she was much *younger and smaller* when she made “her lodgment.” We confess that this masked battery beats us—we admit that Mrs. Arbuthnot *was* much younger and smaller when she effected her lodgment, and that she is now grown so *thick*, that it is impossible to expel her—**THE BOTTLE MUST BE BROKEN!**



## A NEW BOARDER.

FROM THE DIARY OF A JOKE HUNTER.

DROPPED in at Wesley's, and had a chat with Maugham—good fellow Maugham!—Inquired what news there was in the city: told me East India stock had dropped an eighth, and three meetings were projected to consider as to the house and window tax. Consigned East India stock and the house and window tax to old Harry; and impressed upon him, that my ambition being to gather fat, I was only a *quidnunc* on the subject of fun. M. appreciated my motives in a moment, and said there was a new boarder in the house, worthy of the honour of my acquaintance. Bowed and begged to be introduced, "Follow me," said M. Did so, and in a few moments was placed in proper position to scrape the desiderated acquaintance. His head did not strike me as being eminently intellectual—he was in a profuse perspiration, yet wholly destitute of colour; he had a putty sort of complexion—oily, but whitey-brown; his features had seemingly been disorganized, and huddled together again any how: his head and face, considered *en masse*, reminded me of a prodigious plum pudding broken in boiling. He had just cut his thumb by using a blunt knife, and was staunching the ruby stream in a ream of red blotting paper. Duly commiserated him, and inquired how long he had been a boarder in the house. "Three days," replied he, "and I don't think I've been idle: for I've *ploughed* 'The Field of Thessaly,' *clipped* 'Ancient Coins and Medals,' and made *hollow backs* for 'The British Poets, from Chaucer to Johnson.' The last thing I did, afore I come here, was to bind nine set of 'The Runic SCALDS,' for Mr. Burns of Hatton Garden, full morocco—with prodigious tooling."

"Then you're not a mere boarder?"

"God forbid! only work, you see, is slack. Why; Sir, I was the man as did Sir John Soane's famous folio copy of 'Modern Giants' for Longman and Co. In course I made it twice as tall as the paper—royal elephant: because for why—Pope, I think it is, says, the sound should be an echo to the sense; and why shouldn't the binding be 'an outward visible sign of the inward spiritual grace?' That, to be plain-spoken, is the maximum by which, wheresomever I can, without acting contrary to order, I always abides. For instance, if I could have my way, I'd bind 'The Taylor's master-piece' in buck—'Suckling' in calf—and 'Murphy,' provided it was possible, in potatoe skins. Then again, when loose pieces are to be put together, why not—instead of acting on the higgledy piggledy principle—be a little appropriate? 'The art of Living on 100*l.* a-year,' should be stitched up with 'Where shall I Dine?' Fitzball's appalling Dramas, with 'Hood's Comic Annual,' 'Revenues of the Church,' with 'Rapacity of Wolves,' Orders in Chancery, with odd numbers of 'The Penny Magazine,' Lord Althorp's Speeches on Taxation, with 'The Crisis,' et cetera, and so forth, you know."

"But good as your plan is, it would not afford intelligence of the wine within from the bush without."

"Granted—therefore, after all, boards is the thing! Binding in boards—appropriate boards, mind me, would do away with the ex-

pense of title-pages. A gentleman going into a library, might know from the outside all about the contents—that is, if my plan was followed."

"And pray what is your plan?"

"Why, to mention a few cases—using *bonâ fide* wood, you'll recollect, instead of hemp paper:—I'd always board "The sorrows of Werter" in *pine*; "Hoyle's Games" in *deal*; "Chancery Practice" in *sloe*; "Navigation" in *elm*; "The Sea" in *beech*; "The Hue and Cry" in *aloe*; and "Transactions of the Phrenological Society" in the broken *sculls* of the Funny Club:—Can you remember any other books?"

"Oh! certainly; a few posers I think:—'Pierce Egan's Lives of the Pugilists'—"

"I'd bind them in *box*."

"'Tales of Chivalry'—"

"In *lance-wood*."

"'The Busy-Body'—"

"In *medlar*."

"'The Siamese twins'—"

"In *pear*."

"'The Tutor's Assistant'—"

"*Birch*, or *beet-root*, with *caned sides*."

"'Memoirs of Jonathan Wild'—"

"In *peach*."

"'Anecdotes of Dogs'—"

"In *bark*."

"'The Exile'—"

"In *fir*."

"Why, you seem to be quite *au fait* to the thing."

"Yes: I have been many years thinking about it; and take my word for't, there's no book, that a man of talent can't put into proper boards—only give him plenty of rope."

"I don't understand."

"Why, let him have his full range—geographical and particular. To put a case or so: For 'The Art of Preserving the Hair,' I might perhaps recommend *Combe-wood*; but as to 'Miss Landon's works,' I should certainly say, *Burnham*."

"Very fair."

"Then, the different parts of trees might be made to serve one's turn, in respect of boards."

"As how, pray?"

"Why, for 'Racine,' I should look out some *rootty* part; and for 'The Rent-Day,' I should provide some *stumpy*."

"Capital!"

"Even used materials might be worked up. Now, there's the builders:—For 'Perils of the Sea,' what so appropriate as *rafters*?—for 'Lives of British Bishops,' as *sleepers*?—for 'Heroes of the Ring,' as *floorers*; for Monsieur Jarrin, or Signor Ude, as *jamb*s? Then to take the coopers—what so capital for modern music as *old staves*?"

"And for 'The Monthly Magazine'—"

"Nothing could be more appropriate than *pop'lar*."

## TWO LEFT LEGS.

---

ST. PIUS was a holy man,  
Who held in detestation  
The wicked course that others ran,  
So lived upon starvation.

He thought the world so bad a place,  
That decent folks should fly it;  
And, dreaming of a life of grace,  
Determined straight to try it.

A cavern was his only house,  
Of limited expansion,  
And not a solitary mouse  
Dared venture near his mansion.

He said his beads from morn till night,  
Nor gave a thought to dinner;  
And, while his faith absorb'd him quite,  
He every day grew thinner.

Vain all the hints by nature given,  
His saintship would not mind her:—  
At length his soul flew back to Heaven,  
And left his bones behind her.

Some centuries were gone and past,  
And all forgot his story,  
Until a sisterhood at last  
Revived his fame and glory.

To Rome was sent a handsome fee,  
And pious letter fitted,  
Requesting that the bones might be  
Without delay transmitted.

The Holy See, with sacred zeal,  
Its relic hoards turn'd over,  
The skeleton from head to heel  
Of Pius to discover.

And having sought with caution deep,  
To tears of grace affected,  
They recognized the blessed heap  
So anxiously expected.

And now the town that would be made  
Illustrious beyond measure,  
Was all alive with gay parade  
To welcome such a treasure.

The bishop in his robes of state,  
Each monk and priest attending,  
Stood reverently within the gate  
To view the train descending:

The holy train, that far had gone  
To meet the sacred relic,  
And now with joyous hymns came on,  
Most like a band angelic.

## TWO LEFT LEGS.

The nuns a splendid robe prepare,  
 With chain, and flower, and feather ;  
 And now they claim the surgeon's care  
 To join the bones together.  
 The head, the arms, the trunk he found,  
 And placed in due rotation ;  
 But when the legs he reach'd—around  
 He stared in consternation !  
 For *two left legs* alone he saw——  
 “ Two left legs !—’tis amazing ! ”  
 “ Two left legs ! ” cried the nuns, with awe  
 And anxious wonder gazing.  
 In vain he turn'd them round about,  
 Took one, and then took t'other ;  
 For one turn'd in, and one turn'd out,  
 Still following its brother !  
 The wonder reach'd the list'ning crowd,  
 And all the cry repeated ;  
 While some press'd on with laughter loud,  
 And some in fear retreated.  
 The bishop scarce a smile repress ;  
 The pilgrims stood astounded ;  
 The mob, with many a gibe and jest,  
 The holy bones surrounded.  
 The abbess of the vestal train,  
 The blest Annunciation,  
 With horror saw the threaten'd stain  
 On Rome's fair reputation.  
 “ Cease, cease, ungrateful race ! ” cried she,  
 “ This tumult and derision ;  
 And know the truth has been to me  
 Delivered in a vision :  
 “ The saint who now, enthroned in Heaven,  
 Enjoys eternal glory,  
 Had two left legs by Nature given,  
 And lo ! they are before ye !  
 “ Then let us hope he will no more  
 His blessed prayers deny us ;  
 While we, with zeal elate, adore  
 The Left Legs of St. Pius.”

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## SKETCHES IN THE TRENCHES.

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AFTER an interval of peace of nearly eighteen years, the French army, that had been for some time previously concentrating on the northern frontier, and panting for an appeal to arms, received, on the 15th of November, orders to make a forward movement on Belgium. The joy with which the news was received at head-quarters was enthusiastic. [However, up to the very last moment, even when they had arrived under the walls of the citadel of Antwerp, a very general apprehension pervaded the ranks, that the demon of protocols would yet rob them of the glorious opportunity of distinguishing themselves. "*Tonnerre de Dieu!*" exclaimed an old moustache of the 65th regiment, "if we are not now allowed '*de bruler une amorce,*' I will tear the cockade from my shako, and replace it by a sop." But all their fears were soon dissipated. Under cover of a dense fog, ground was broken, on the night of the 29th of November, before the devoted citadel of Antwerp: by noon of the following day, the "*ultima ratio regum*" had succeeded to the tiresome delays of the conference, and the timorous hesitation of diplomacy.

All the preliminary details being completed, on the night of the 29th, detachments of infantry, whose strength was determined by the engineer department, received orders to commence the operations of breaking ground. Superior and subaltern officers of these two arms, placed under the orders of a "Major de Tranchée," who himself was subordinate to a general officer whose period of duty lasted twenty-four hours, were distributed along the entire length of the parallel to command the different working and covering parties. The latter, previously to arriving at the dépôt of entrenching tools, divested themselves of their sabres and cartouch boxes, took off their shakos and put on their foraging caps, slung their firelocks, and were furnished with five rounds of cartridges. Thus prepared, they arrived at the trench dépôt, formed in two ranks, and received from the engineer department, those of the first rank a shovel and pickaxe, and the second a shovel only, with a fascine or a gabion. They were then marched in the greatest silence behind the tracé of the parallel, where, throwing down their arms, they immediately commenced the operation of opening the trenches, protected by their comrades who had preserved their arms, and directed by the sappers of the engineer corps. So unsound and spungy was the nature of the ground, that in less than three hours the workmen had completed the trench; and with the earth taken from it, an escarpment was formed on the side of the citadel that effectually covered them. If General Chassé had this night kept a good look out, his artillery might have made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the besiegers; for whatever may be the courage of the French soldiers, the devotion and intelligence of the officers, and, above all, the skill of the engineers and artillery, it is doubtful if a well directed sortie, favoured as it would have been by the darkness of the night and a pelting rain, would not have caused both

confusion and panic among the working parties. But the night passed off without even a demonstration—the French prosecuted their labours with an admirable ardour, marked by their national gaiety of character. *Bon mots* and military sallies succeeded each other, in a low tone of voice, almost as regularly as the blows of their pickaxes. During the night Marshal Gerard, accompanied by the Dukes d'Orleans and de Nemours, appeared in the trenches: their presence added singularly to the general satisfaction, and produced a prodigious effect. But, for the sake of truth, we must say that they were not, as it was said in the columns of *The Times*, received with loud acclamations, from this very obvious reason, that no acclamations are allowed to be uttered under such circumstances.

The regiments specially charged with the attack were encamped very near the citadel—the others occupied the villages in the rear, from which they pushed forward their detachments, almost under the guns of the place. Every regiment in turn took its station in the trenches, and shared in the labours of the siege, which were numerous and fatiguing. In the environs, the smallest cottage was crammed with soldiers: a door still standing—a window, with only half its panes of glass broken—a roof, which the projectiles of the enemy had not pierced in several places, were objects of luxury. In the centre of a beautiful grass plat, in an elegant saloon, stripped of all its portable ornaments, at the foot of a mutilated statue, you might behold a *bivouac* fire, surrounded by immense marmites filled with potatoes, cauliflowers and celery, *borrowed* from the proprietors of the abandoned gardens. The greatest activity, that noisy, indefatigable military activity of which no adequate idea can be formed, prevailed on every side. The different routes leading to the citadel were crowded with detachments of every arm. At one moment a staff officer, or an orderly, would gallop past you; at another you heard the deep lumbering roll of heavy guns, or the more measured tread of infantry, varied but too often by the groans of the wounded whom they were transporting to the "*ambulance*," established in those country houses that were situated beyond the range of fire. In the trenches, in the batteries, at the most dangerous posts, the most serious affair was treated as a joke. Everything was laughed at—even the manner in which some poor unfortunate devil was hit; but on the other hand, every succour was immediately lavished upon him by his comrades. So true it is, that in the camp a lofty indifference to personal danger is closely allied to the noblest feelings of humanity.

In Antwerp, there was a lack of merry faces; for at the commencement of the siege, the apprehension of a bombardment was very general, and a few shells that fell by accident and exploded in the streets, producing some casualties, were not calculated to re-assure the inhabitants. The aspect of this beautiful old city was gloomy in the extreme; the silence of its streets contrasting forcibly with their quondam bustling activity. The spacious quays that used to be covered with the rich productions of every clime, were bristling with batteries; the shops and every public establishment, with the exception of the hotels, which swarmed with foreign officers and amateurs, come to study the operations of the siege, were shut; but towards its

close, confidence was in some measure re-established; the shops were re-opened, and the cafés were crowded with Belgian officers and citizens, "*jouant la demie tasse et le petit verre*," at their favourite game of dominoes, while the spires of the churches were crowded with spectators eagerly watching the more magnificent game of war. The proprietor of the theatre derived a rich harvest from the public concerts, for, removing the roof of the edifice, he erected seats that were constantly filled by persons of both sexes, attracted by the novel exhibition of the *tableau vivant* of a siege. But now for a promenade *aux tranches*.

Debouching from the village of Saint Laurent, which is situated about eight hundred yards from the famous lunette of that name, we leave Berchem, the head-quarters of the army, to the left. At its entrance we pass a pretty church, dedicated to the holy martyr after whom the lunette is named, and in order to divert the *ennui* of the route, we shall relate an anecdote of the venerable minister of this little temple, which had been converted into an ambulance. The Curé de Saint Laurent had never for a moment the thought of abandoning his post. On the contrary, he shared it gloriously with the French medical officers, and more than once exposed himself to martyrdom. When it was resolved to convert the church into an ambulance, the worthy curate thought it his duty by all means to save some sinful souls; but alas! his piety, so worthy of praise, failed before the scepticism of the first wounded who were installed in the sacristy. He redoubled his exhortations, but all in vain. He then sought the advice of the surgeons, but these gentlemen, knowing the ground, shook their heads. Suddenly, the curé was enlightened by a ray of inspiration; he purchased a large stock of cigars and tobacco, by a skilful distribution of which among the dying sinners, he succeeded in making himself heard with some degree of attention. But here we are at the tail of the trenches.

Two placards immediately strike the eye; upon the first of which you read, "Parallel towards Kiel;" and on the other, "Parallel towards Montebello." We shall take the former, which will lead us through innumerable zig-zags to the countergarde of the Lunette de St. Laurent, the place d'armes of which we shall find in the hands of the French, whose engineers are occupied with the descent and passage of the ditch.

But we must proceed methodically. First, then, the parapet on the side of the garrison is lined with covering parties, a certain number of whom keep a constant look out, in order to give timely warning of any demonstration on the part of the besieged. Upon some points a sharp fusilade is kept up, for the purpose of concealing the progress of a work, or a battery that they are pushing forward, or to mask some movement of troops, executing at the time. In some parts the ground is good, but in others so soft and spongy, that in spite of all the precautions of the engineers, you are half way up to the knees in water. Here you behold one of those singular beings attached to the French armies, "*a cantinière*," with her glazed hat and grey cloak—her tri-coloured petticoat, and "*garance*" trousers. Under her masculine exterior, she often conceals a noble



and generous heart. She hums the Marseilloise as she goes, and every now and then salutes with an air of mock gravity the balls that are passing over her. Suddenly she stops,—it is to administer a dram from the tri-coloured keg slung across her shoulder, to a wounded sapper whom they are carrying to the rear. Poor fellow, his right arm is dreadfully shattered, but his spirit is unsubdued. “*Vive la France!*” he exclaims, as he drinks off the dram. “*J’ai perdu le bras mais je gagnerais la croix.*” At every turn working parties are encountered with their firelocks slung—some repairing the *epaulemens* injured by the projectiles from the garrison—others transporting to “*la tête desappe,*” gabions, sand-bags, and fascines: from the nature of the ground and the weight of their burthen, they advance slowly and with difficulty. All at once they halt, as if by magic; the cry of “*Gare la bombe!*” is heard, and immediately all hands throw themselves on the ground. The danger past, they arise laughing and resume their march. Parties belonging to the “*Compagnies d’administration,*” are stationed in all parts of the trenches with litters, to convey such as are wounded to the “*ambulance.*” But what is that unarmed soldier about?—The two baskets he carries are filled with round shot of every calibre, and even with howitzer and mortar shells. To what purpose are their singular contents destined? An order of the day promised to every soldier a reward who should bring in to the great park of artillery projectiles of any kind. It is this reward which this brave fellow is labouring for in the very teeth of danger, and which he destines to the relief of a wounded brother in the hospital—the fact is historical.

As we proceed we meet groups of foreign officers and amateurs in their national uniforms, some even “*en mufti,*” viewing the operations of the siege with a critical eye. Among them you easily distinguish the civilian, in spite of the fancy uniform in which he has rigged himself out: his countenance betrays to the keen observer that he is out of his element. But then it will be something to say, “I made the siege of Antwerp,” and to sport on the strength of it a moustache, and to assume an “*air sabreur*” among his country cousins. A captain of engineers in his foraging cap, and with a cigar in his mouth, is walking along as coolly as if he were in the citadel of Metz that he has so recently left; he is closely followed by two sappers carrying the measuring chain and his graphometer. The citadel vomits around him a shower of projectiles, while he with most imperturbable *sang froid* takes notes, without wasting a thought on his head, which oftentimes overtops the parapet. On the right there is a battery executing its fire with as much precision and as much coolness as if the artillerymen were practising in a polygon. After every shot, the officer commanding the battery springs upon the parapet to observe the effect of the fire.—At length we have reached the head of the sap, or rather the descent to the ditch; the enemy, who perceives the intention of the besiegers, keeps up a most vigorous and destructive fire—death in a hundred forms is showered down upon the working parties. A young lieutenant, with a watch in his hand, has his eyes fixed on the index; the work commenced at such a time he knows must be finished by such an hour, and he encourages



the workmen in their task by his voice and gestures. In the midst of all this the young princes appear. Admiration is read in every look; the soldiers mechanically seize their arms to carry and present them, but the prince makes a sign, and they recollect that according to the "*règlement*," no salute is given in the trenches. Here and there you also perceive officers of different grades, who are charged with the execution of the countersign. In a "*rentrant*," a general officer surrounded by his staff, is ready to repair to any point where his presence may be requisite. It is the "General de Tranchée." Frequent reports are made to him, which he transmits to the head-quarters. Hark! a *voltigeur* is singing—let us listen:

" La vie est une voyage—  
Tachons de l'embellir!  
Jetons sur son passage  
Les roses du plaisir!"

The defence, it was supposed by all, would have been "*à la Carnot*," and that the governor would have stood an assault: under this conviction, large bets were made that the Dutch flag would still wave on the walls of the citadel on the 1st of January. On the capitulation there were in consequence many long faces, especially among the Orange party, who in vain strove to affect a joy they did not feel.

On the morning of the 24th the flank companies of the 65th, under the command of Colonel Arnault, and of the Mareschal de Camp, Rulhiere, after having traversed a part of the city, arrived upon the glacis, and halted for some time while the sappers repaired the bridge that led to the citadel. This work completed, Marshal Gerard and his staff, with the two young princes, entered the fortress: all the posts were immediately relieved by the French troops, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the Dutch garrison, with colours flying and drums beating, marched out to the glacis, and piling their arms, returned to their casemates. With the exception of the hospital and principal powder magazine, both of which were materially injured, not a building was left standing. The church, the magazines, the well, the blindages—all were a heap of ruins, and the ground was ploughed up in every direction by the shells. General Chassé's quarters had till the end of the siege been situated between the Toledo and Paziotto bastions; but forced by the destructive fire of the French projectiles to quit them, he retreated to a casemate beneath the bastion that bears the name of the Duke of Alba. You reach it by a subterraneous passage traced in zigzag, lighted up at intervals by candles. After crossing the bakehouse and the kitchen, you entered a small ante-room, on the right of which was the General's chamber, simply whitewashed and floored with thick planks. On one side stood a small camp-bed, with plain white curtains; from the ceiling hung a lamp, and at the foot of the bed there was a stove; upon the walls there were two large maps, one of Holland, and the other of Belgium, and immediately beneath the former was hung the miniature of one of his children. A handsome mahogany table and six camp chairs constituted all its furniture. In this apartment it was the interview took place between General Chassé and Marshal Gerard and the two French Princes.

All the details of the siege of Antwerp will be classical to the soldier. Such an opportunity for practical study under circumstances so favourable may never occur again. The defence, considering the strength and composition of the garrison and the reputation of the governor, disappointed many. It was marked by great bravery and patient endurance, but it was not scientific; such at least is the point of view under which it is considered in the military circles on the continent. But it must be borne in mind that the governor was during its whole duration labouring under the most severe bodily infirmity; that he was exposed to the devastating fury of a new projectile, which his defences were inadequate to resist, and that he knew from the first that there was not the most remote chance of relief, a circumstance which alone is sufficient to demoralize the bravest garrison.

Shortly after the surrender, an old French gentleman arrived at head-quarters, to solicit permission to transport to Paris the body of his son, a lieutenant of engineers, who had been killed in the trenches, in order that his disconsolate mother might once again look upon the countenance of her child ere he was committed to the tomb. The request being granted, the body, placed in an open shell, was put into the old gentleman's calashe, and with his arm round the neck of his lifeless boy, we saw the bereaved father take the road to the French frontiers.

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#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS ON CHESS.

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THE article entitled "Chess Clubs and Chess Players, British and Foreign," which appeared in a recent number of this magazine, appears to have excited considerable interest. We have received a large mass of proposed additions and corrections; of these we deem it expedient to publish the following selection, which not only corrects a few errors into which our contributor appears to have fallen, but affords much additional information on a subject of considerable interest to the most intellectual portion of mankind.—ED.

##### LETTER I.

Sir,—The writer of a paper on Chess in your March number, although clever, is not quite a master of his subject, of which I confess scarcely any individual possesses personal experience enough to give a satisfactory bird's eye view. To do so, would require a *corps* composed of men, each of whom had obtained great local eminence, without being bitten with the ambition of attempting to depict any thing beyond the circumference of his personal *coup-d'œil*. The kingdom of Chess, in order to map it out with precision, should be divided into sections and arrondissements, and each of these must be allotted to one accomplished in the science, before we can expect to obtain an accurate survey. In fact, such a desideratum it would be scarcely possible to achieve, and in default of a better, we ought doubtless to be grateful for the rude though occasionally erroneous outline which your contributor has traced. Permit me, if you please, at some points to enlarge it.

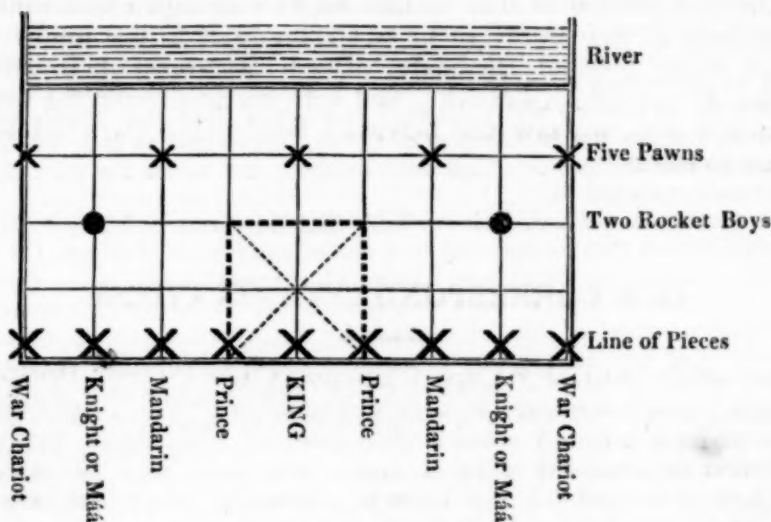
The modes of playing Chess are various. Marinelli, an Italian, invented

what he called the Triple Chess, by adding sixteen squares to three sides of the original board. Three persons were thus enabled to play at the same time—one against the other. The nicety of this game consists in the two weakest forming a coalition against the strongest, and in going over to and supporting the latter when one of the former obtains a preponderating superiority on the board. It is, in fact, a game admirably illustrative of the political strategy by which the balance of power is maintained.

In Russia the game is played by four persons; the board resembles a cross, and the knight's move is given to the queen, which renders the game much more complex.

The Emperor Tamerlane used to play upon a round board, so that the position of the pieces was not only different, but their relative power was sensibly altered—that of the knights and bishops becoming almost null, while that of the rooks was nearly centuple, from their sweeping right round the board.

Some years ago, in South America, I was shewn by an American gentleman, who had resided several years in Canton, though he was unacquainted with even the moves of the pieces, a Chinese Chess-board, of *half* of which I made the annexed drawing.



Some time afterwards I shewed the sketch to a Portuguese friar, of the order of St. Antonio, who had resided upwards of twenty years at Macao, and, as a missionary, had even penetrated into the interior of the Celestial Empire. The account he gave me of the game was as follows:—

“Having resided upwards of twenty years in China, I repeatedly saw the people of that empire playing at Chess; but although I diligently applied myself to learn this game, it was so complicated that I could never accomplish it: all therefore that I can do is to give a very vague and superficial idea of the Chinese game of Chess. In the first place, the board is divided by a *river*, and as the number of pieces in the rear rank is nine, they are placed upon the lines and not upon the squares, as in our Portuguese game; in fact, the march of all the pieces is *lineary*. The king occupies the centre, and moves like ours, but with this difference, that his sphere of action is limited to the fortress in which he is entrenched (see dotted line in the cut); he has a prince on each side of him, whose movements are similar, and limited to the same space. The two mandarins move like our bishops; they do not, however, cross the river, but form a ‘*corps de reserve*.’ The pieces styled Máá, have our knights move, while the action of the war-chariots is

similar to that of our rooks. The number of pawns is only five—like ours they take diagonally, and cannot retrograde; but on reaching the last line of the adversaries' table, *there they remain*. It is, however, the move of *the rocket boys* which is the most complex—being *parabolic*, like the flight of a rocket. By this I mean to say that they cannot capture an enemy's piece that has not another piece between, as at the game of draughts. All the difficulty of the game consists in the move of these two pieces; but, notwithstanding its complicated nature, the very children play at Chess, the Chinese excelling in all kinds of games whether of chance or skill. The origin of this game in all probability was in China. They trace its invention back two centuries before the Christian era, three hundred and seventy-nine years after the age of Confucius. Hong Cocha, King of Keangnan, sent an expedition into the territory of the *Shensi*, under the command of a mandarin named Hansing: it is on record that this mandarin invented the game to divert his soldiers in their winter-quarters, and to animate the ardour of his army—the game being a faithful image of the art of war."

The reverend Padre's account will we fear be found obscure and unsatisfactory. Still it may throw some faint glimmerings of light on the origin of this celebrated game. It is also important to remark, that from the action of the rocket boys we may infer that the Chinese were perhaps acquainted with the use of gunpowder, at a period long anterior to the Europeans. Rocket boys are to this day found in the Indian armies. The agency of the princes in lieu of the queen forcibly illustrates the Chinese custom of excluding females from all power; while the configuration of the Chess-board, divided by a river, typifies the topography of China, intersected as it is by canals, the passage and defence of which must naturally constitute the chief feature in their mode of warfare.

In its passage westward, it is probable that this game underwent changes and modifications that harmonized with the existing order of things, the state of warfare, &c. among the nations into which it passed, until, in the chivalric spirit of western Europe, a queen was introduced. Whether this game was first brought hither by the Crusaders or by the Moors, is still an undecided question. But that it was very common in the Spanish peninsula, we have proofs from the profound observation which Cervantes puts into the mouth of Sancho Panza. "Brava comparacion, dixo Sancho, aunque no tan nueva, que yo no la aya oydo muchas y diversas vezes, como aquella del *Juego del Axedrez* que mientras dura el Juego cada pieza tiene su particular oficio, y en acabandose el Juego, todas se mezclan, juntan y barajan y dan con ellas en una bolsa, que es como dar con la vida en la sepultura." The fondness of the Spaniards for this game may be further exemplified by the curious circumstance, that some estates are held in that country by a tenure, the duration of which expires with the termination of a game of Chess, at which a move is to be made only once in a century.

One of the earliest writers on Chess, was Dameso, a Portuguese, whose countrymen now but seldom play this beautiful game; it was contra-distinguished from our modern treatises by its simplicity. Like the regulation books in every military service in Europe, the written treatises on the game abound with manœuvres that never occur in the course, perhaps, of 1,000 games. The greatest problem is, the game itself; the fundamental principles of which are, *strategically* speaking, the same as those of war. In both cases, it is important to establish a *secure base of operations*, to act upon a *single line*, and to direct by a rapid concentration the *mass* of your forces upon the *tactical key* of your adversary's position. So far there is the most perfect strategic identity of principle; but *tactically* speaking, Chess bears no analogy to the art of war. In actual operations in the field, *locality* plays a distinguished part; a field of battle generally presenting every variety of ground, while a chess board is marked by the greatest uniformity of configuration.



To obviate this defect, tacticians have long felt the *desideratum* of some game that should present a more faithful image of war, and afford an opportunity for combining the actions of the three arms, and of making the application of their evolutions to every variety of locality. With this view, a game (*Jeu de la Guerre*) was invented in 1800, by a Swiss, to which the celebrated Massena devoted at one time much of his attention. But a still more complete game (*Kriegs Spiele*) was invented some seven or eight years ago, by a Prussian artillery officer, which caused a great sensation at the time in the military circles on the continent. The game may be seen in the arsenal at Berlin. It illustrates the operations of the three arms as they occur in the field, and in the presence of the enemy, and is furnished with plans of ground, exhibiting every local feature that can effect tactical movements, and also with marks according to the scale of the plan, showing the actual space which the bodies of troops they *represent*, would occupy on the ground, whether formed *en masse* or in line. The "materiel" of the game consists in small rectangular figures, various in size, according to the strength of the force they represent; from sections of men, to even single files; and single pieces of cannon to masses of six battalions, with their batteries. There are scales, showing the ranges of musketry, and also of artillery either with grape or round shot. Plans of the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras, of Austerlitz and of Leipsig, and also of the Katsbach, have been lithographed expressly for this game, exhibiting every gradation of slope, at intervals of five to four hundred and fifty. The game is played by two persons, and presided by an umpire.

The Emperor of Russia was so struck with this game, on visiting Berlin, that he invited the inventor to St. Petersburg, to teach it in his army, and he himself devoted much time to it, under the tuition of Prince Paskewitch, the conqueror of Warsaw.—I am, &c. &c.

G. H.

#### LETTER II.

Sir,—In naming the chief players of the London Chess Club, your correspondent assigns the third place to Mr. Keen. Now he ought to have known that Mr. Keen has scarcely been in the room six times in as many years, and that Mr. Frazer is indisputably the third best player in the club, and far stronger than Mr. Keen ever was even in the zenith of his play. In his account of the Edinburgh players, your contributor places Messrs. Crawford and Murray after Mr. Donaldson, the fact being that Mr. Bennett is the second player in the club, and Mr. Mackarsey the third. As mention is made of Dr. Berry's medal, your readers may be interested in knowing that it was won by Mr. Donaldson, who still bears it unchallenged—long may he wear it!

The following passage in the paper calls for some comments:—"In England there are many Chess societies, particularly in Liverpool, where the devotion to the game is highly meritorious; so general is this feeling among the *citizens*, that Chess problems have long occupied a corner in a lively well-written periodical." The truth is that there has been no Chess Club in Liverpool for the last five or six years, although before that time there was one, of which Mr. Knowles and Dr. Brandreth were the prime movers. So little is Chess encouraged by the money-getting Liverpuddlians, that a Mr. Copeman, who attempted to establish a Chess-room there last winter, could not get half a dozen subscribers. The "well written periodical" (Egerton Smith's *Kaleidoscope*) has been long dropped for lack of support.

The writer ought to have known that the Westminster Chess-club, in Bedford-street, although recently established, numbers nearly forty mem-



bers, all *preux chevaliers*, with Captain Medwin at their head, and comprising some very excellent players in their ranks. Should the Nottingham club be passed over without notice, graced as it is by such a player as Mr. Newham? Should not the Chess-club at Leeds and its best players, Cochran and Muff, be mentioned?

The only German work with which your correspondent professes to be acquainted, is by Stein; who, by-the-bye, though a German, wrote in French, and published his book at the Hague; but I have at least fifty volumes, and many of them "considerably thick," in German, on Chess, both practical and theoretical. He gives the name of Bingham, Cunningham, and Walker, as Chess authors: now Mr. Walker is certainly well known to the Chess world as a young author of great merit; his works on the subject need not, indeed, shrink from competition with the proudest; and practical men have justly appreciated their value:—but Cunningham never wrote a word on Chess in his life, and Bingham is merely the "*nom de guerre*" under which Mr. — published a bad translation of a clever Italian author.

A MEMBER OF THE WESTMINSTER CHESS-CLUB.

### LETTER III.

SIR,—I have just read in the *Monthly Magazine* for the month of March, an interesting article, headed "Chess-Clubs, and Chess-Players, British and Foreign," in which, after some appropriate remarks on the intellectual nature of the game of Chess, and a detailed account of the present cultivation of this game in Great Britain, as well as on the continent, I find the following passages:—

"But what a falling off occurs, when we come, in parliamentary phrase, 'to consider the state of Ireland.' There is no club in Dublin, nor elsewhere, that I am aware of, and the number of respectable players is certainly below par: the Irish, in fact, are engaged in a more absorbing game; they use real bishops, instead of ivory ones; like Don John, of Austria, they play Chess with men."

Now, Sir, without offering any remarks on the political allusion contained in this passage, as I am convinced you would not wilfully give insertion to any unfounded reflection on any portion of your fellow-subjects, I trust you will not refuse giving insertion in the next number of your respectable periodical to these few lines, written solely for the purpose of correcting the mis-statement of facts contained in the foregoing passage, and setting your readers and the public right with respect to the present state of Chess-playing in the city of Dublin; for I do not profess to be sufficiently acquainted with the rest of Ireland, as far as Chess is concerned, to speak with certainty on the subject. So far from there being any foundation for asserting that "there is no club in Dublin," it so happens, there are no less than *four* different Chess-clubs at present established in this city:—first, is the Philidorian Society, a long-established club, consisting of upwards of twenty members, several of whom are players of great repute:—next, is the Chess-club attached to the Dublin Institution in Sackville-Street, which contains a still greater number of members:—a third club, for private Chess-playing, is formed in Trinity College, which, I understand, consists of from thirty to forty members, thus holding out an example worthy of imitation to the Universities of England and Scotland:—while, a fourth Chess-club, of which I had the honour to be the originator, has been recently established in the *Dublin Library Society*, and which, although not many months in existence, already reckons no less than *sixty-nine members*, some of whom would not shrink from a contest with any players of the Edinburgh, or, of course, the London Chess-clubs.

It is stated in the article which has called forth these remarks, that the Edinburgh club, which contains seventy-five members, has been ten years in existence; and here, in the Dublin Library Society, is a Chess-club, which, although not more than half as many *months* as the Edinburgh club has been *years* established, can already boast of very nearly an equal number of members; so that, I trust, I shall not have to notice in future, in your entertaining periodical, any unfounded statements as to the intellectual inferiority of the people of Ireland; for I quite agree with the writer in the *Monthly Magazine*, that the cultivation of the truly noble game of Chess is no bad criterion by which to judge of the intellectual character and taste of a people; for it is a game which so far from being an incentive to the odious vice of gambling, improves the mind like the study of mathematics, while at the same time it innocently amuses: besides, it is a game which in every age, since the first invention of Chess, and among every cultivated people, has been highly cherished and regarded:—a game too, which warriors as well as statesmen have been devotedly attached to; and which, even in our own days, that first of warriors and of statesmen, that consummate master of the art of strategy, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE GREAT, is well known to have been an admirer of. I have the honour to remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

STEPHEN COPPINGER,

Barrister at law, and Member of the Chess-club of the  
Dublin Library Society.

No. 8, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

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## THE GENIUS AND THE JACKASS.

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"No—the bloom and odour of existence are gone. I feel, that hereafter I must linger out an aimless, wretched life. A day, nay an hour ago, and the earth was 'opening Paradise.' There was music in the airs of heaven—beauty in all objects. The spring sun gave a harmony to my pulses. I communed with all things; even the very hawthorn hedges dotted with green buds—the small birds twittering in my path—the lowing herds—the bleating flocks—nothing in nature, however mean and common, but, elevated by my buoyant feelings, became a thing of worth and beauty. It is all gone—all, all passed away!"

Such were the passionate exclamations of Silvio Tinkerville,—a youthful poet of exceeding promise. He was, in stature, of Parnasian height; that is, about five feet ten. To his precise age we cannot speak; but, certain it is, at the time of this burst of feeling, he had shaved two years. His face bespoke a depth of thought, that spoke again of mystery. It was neither pale nor red, but freckled brown; his nose, like his style, was elevated; his hair, painfully turned back, gave a fair chance of amplitude to his forehead,—he had, in short, a poetic face; foolscap rumped in every compression of his brow—demy was at the corners of his mouth. Poor Tom made the "hedgепig for his pillow;" but Silvio looked as though he slept on goose-quills. So much for the casket—come we now to the jewel within.

"It is all gone—all, all passed away!" And with this, Silvio dashed down a book—struck his forehead with his clenched fist, and

with a terrible ferocity, gnawed his lip, as though he would, with Ugolino, have supped off his own flesh. His friend Peter took up the book, the source of all this agony to Silvio. It was one of those detestable publications, one of those fiend-like, diabolical productions, which, like the simoom, or the quartan ague, are periodical; to name the title in all the intensity of its evil, it was "a review." Silvio's "Rose-buds"—(such was the affecting name of his volume of poems, printed in small pica, 8vo.) was therein "reviewed."

"Strange! that the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Take we a knave, convicted of perjury, or any other offence that may the more readily present itself to the reader; let us follow him to his pillory, and let us observe his head and hands inserted in the ignominious apertures. He is fixed; and now, the machine set off, he impartially presents his front and back to the surrounding mob. The murmur deepens into a roar; the one egg heralds a shower; the solitary cat leads the van of a hundred; turnips, mud, stones, "hurtle through the darken'd air;"—the multitude yell, the victim groans,—the assailants shout the louder, and take a surer aim; the storm falls thicker; the mob roar, laugh, scream, and pelt,—until, the hour concluded, the hangman opens the wooden collar, and huddled in a heap, begrimed with filth and bruised with brickbats, down falls the offender. Well, it may be said, according to the old phraseology, "this man has been pilloried." No such thing; he has been—we give the modern copious meaning—he has been "reviewed." Poor Silvio Tinkerville had been "reviewed."

Peter Griffiths was, happily, not of that fine susceptible clay which composed Silvio; he was not of that porcelain mysteriously sent into this world to be chipped and cracked by the grosser delf: to his eyes, the "review" was only so many little black marks on a piece of white paper. He did not see the fiends, the devils, the incubi and succubi, grinning, scowling, leering from every letter; he saw no defunct cat hurled along the page—his sense was offended by no ancient egg—no, he only saw a fair page, "printed in a handsome type, expressly cast for the occasion." Thus Peter could not offer that tender sympathy, that fraternal delicacy of sentiment, which the case of Silvio so imminently demanded. But what he could offer, he did; namely, a supper of cold quarter of lamb, salad and green cheese. Silvio, with an inexpressible look of mournful sense and anguish, started from his chair, desperately grasped his hat, and rushed from the house.

It was night—dark night. Silvio was alone—alone in an unfrequented, dreary lane, near Battersea. At any other time he would have felt cold, but there was that undefinable something in his heart which defied the night air. He strode on as though he had "some busy fiend" in his breast, and the Ogre's seven-leagued boots on his legs. It was, as we have premised, dark; and yet Silvio thought he saw, "Rose-buds, by Silvio Tinkerville," in burning characters dancing, like so many *ignes fatui*, before him—nay, his very ears seemed scorched. He felt that all the world was against him—and

for the moment, he vowed warfare against all the world. He—he slackened his pace; he did not breathe so heavily; he turned his head—he cleared his mouth of the burning saliva—he coughed! It was an alarming moment; it seemed to grow darker—the hedge of blackthorn and alders seemed to shoot up higher, and impart strange, half-articulated sounds to their motion, as the night airs, like snakes, crept about the branches. There again—Silvio stood still and gasped! He was now assured it was no fantasy; he heard the distinct rattling of iron—yet he saw no one—heard no foot fall;—but still the iron rattled and rattled.—What a thousand images of terror came upon him! His very poetic feeling became his assailant, traitorously turning upon him instruments of torture: for what he knew, he was near the haunt of demons—some mysterious fiend might be working about him a diabolic spell. He tried to speak, but his throat felt lined with husk—again the sound approached him—again, again—he rushed forward, like one possessed, and, with a loud shriek, fell!

Peter Griffiths, though soemwhat twitted at the unceremonious departure of Silvio, was not quite at ease about the enthusiast—yet he determined to go to bed: Mrs. Griffiths had already entered into her first sleep. He thought he would see the bolts and bars in their proper places, and then—then his resolves vanished, for he lighted the taper in his lantern, and sallied out in quest of Silvio. He took his way towards the bridge, and, ever and anon, hallooed “Silvio,” but no voice answered, save that of a neighbour’s terrier. Peter trudged on with quicker pace—something dark knocks at his foot—he stoops—and by his lantern, discovers Silvio pale as ashes, with the blood pouring from a wound in his poetic forehead.

Peter returned for assistance—Silvio was removed to bed. The surgeon was sent for—the wound drest—and every question put to the sufferer as to the cause of the injuries. But poor Silvio only uttered incoherent speeches about invisible giants, nocturnal demons, mixing up the writer of the review with the assailant of the over night; he vowed he had been smitten to the earth by a mighty and terrible giant—nothing clearer could be got from him.

Peter and some of his neighbours sallied out, when it was full light, to search the lane. After due inspection, they discovered the assailant of Silvio—the giant that had flung him off his feet to be a long iron chain stretched across the road; the one end fastened to a stake, and the other to the leg of a jackass cropping thistles in the opposite ditch!

Peter, as we have said, was a man of homespun intellect, and yet from this very discovery, he would extract a salve for the literary wounds of Silvio; for when the bardling would complain of some unseen giant who had struck him in print, Peter would say, with a sagacity worthy of a wiser hearer—“A giant! Phoo, phoo, if we could but see who it really was, the giant might turn out, a poor ass cropping thistles in a ditch!”

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## DIRGE.

BY KENRICK VAN WINCKLE.

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Adieu ! dear heavenly maid—  
A long adieu !  
Thou wert a rose arrayed  
In love's own hue.  
But all earth's flowers fade  
That ever grew.  
Thou sleep'st beneath the yew  
A quiet sleep ;  
Thy grave is wet with dew,  
That angels weep ;  
For tears they oft-times strew  
Where watch they keep.  
Not that afflictions deep  
Their breasts o'erflow :  
The tears that angels weep  
Spring not from woe—  
Too high a flight they sweep  
Life's ills to know.  
Sweet maid that liest low,  
Enjoy thy rest :  
Thou hast escaped the throe  
Of hearts distressed.  
Thou did'st not live to know  
The grief-worn breast ;  
The ills that life infest  
Assailed not thee.  
Thou art among the blest  
A spirit free,—  
A blithesome, happy guest,  
Where such should be.  
And we, thy sisters, we  
Thy grave surround,  
And sing on bended knee,  
And deck thy mound ;  
And pant to fly, like thee,  
To angel-ground.  
Spirit ! with brightness crowned,  
Farewell ! farewell !  
Where heaven's sweet timbrels sound,  
'Tis thine to dwell.  
Our eyes with tears are drowned—  
Farewell ! farewell !

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## TURKISH ACCOUNT OF THE JANISSARIES.

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THE East has lately become a scene of events, which are of most intense interest to all reflecting minds ; their consequences being of extraordinary importance to every great European power. We have witnessed the gradual decay of an empire, which was once pre-eminent among the nations, but we know little or nothing of those fatal diseases which have long preyed upon her vitals, and at length reduced her to a state of utter prostration. All eyes are now fixed upon Turkey—Old Istamboul forms the pivot of European political strategy. Possessing, as we do, but very meagre information as to her internal history, we hail with perfect gladness the appearance of a translation into French, by M. Coussin de Perceval, of the Turkish Historiographer's account of the Janissary corps, of which, we feel certain that our readers will thank us for the following abridged version.

The Jeni-Cheri (Janissaries) or new troops, were created in the year 1330, by the emperor Orkhan. They were at first composed of the children of the conquered Christians, and reared up in the doctrine of Islam. They received their name and the distinguishing form of their caps, from the Dervise Hadji Begtash, who blessed them, and placing a piece of his garment upon the head of each of the officers, promised them victory in the name of heaven. They were all enrolled as Dervises, and thus acquired a religious as well as a military character. All their forms of discipline, were contrived to remind them of the liberality with which their wants were supplied. The colonel, or head of a regiment, was called the Tshorbadghi, or "soup-maker." The officers next in rank, were "chief cooks," and "water-drawers:" the soldiers carried in their caps a wooden spoon instead of a tuft, or feather ; and the kettle, or cauldron, was the sacred standard or rallying point of every regiment. Their whimsical institutions remained unchanged among them down to the period of their suppression. In the reign of Mahomet II., a custom was introduced of admitting the children of soldiers themselves ; and from that time the Janissaries became a military caste, transmitting from father to son the profession, if not the exercise, of arms. Their numbers were increased by successive sovereigns, till under Mohammed IV. they amounted to forty thousand.

At the accession of the present Sultan, in 1808, this military body, once the right arm of Islamism, had lost all those characteristics which rendered it formidable abroad, but still retained the power of oppression at home. Its influence extended over the empire. A long period of luxuriant idleness had extinguished its military spirit and enthusiasm. It monopolized all the lucrative trades, and made their exercise the means of the most barefaced extortion. It set the tribunals of justice at nought, and dictated not only to the magistrates but to the Sultan himself. No order or profession was safe from its insolence and exactions. From the prevailing custom of selling their certificates of service (commissions) to the first bidder, its exclusively

military character was at an end. Vagabonds and assassins obtained enrolment, and consumed in idleness the revenues of the state. Thus the corps became a vast disorganized mass, ever ready to be acted upon by the intrigues of the seditious and disaffected. But this was not all. Allured by the frequent commotions excited by the Janissaries in the capital, the inhabitants of the adjacent country flocked into Constantinople; and while they left the country without cultivators, they increased the disorders, consequent on the scarcity of provisions.

These evils had long engaged the attention of the government, and the views of the predecessors of the Sultan had been turned towards the organization of a body of troops disciplined after the European manner. Mahmoud I., and Mustafa his successor, made some attempts at improvement. Selim III. proceeded more vigorously, but his new levies were attacked and dispersed by the Janissaries, so that it was reserved for the present monarch to give full effect to the project. Aware of the obstacles to be overcome, from the prejudices of the people and the compact power of the Janissaries, he was obliged to act with the utmost caution and address. Every step was to be sanctioned by the authority of the Koran, and reconciled to the superstition of true believers. In a grand council, summoned for the occasion, the Sultan proposed his plan of forming a body of newly disciplined troops, draughted from the odjek of the Janissaries. The plan was received with approbation by all but the latter body. Gold and intrigue, however, succeeded in softening this opposition. Another council was held, at which the officers of the Janissaries were present. The imperial ordinance was read, and the Grand Vizier, turning to the Janissary officers, asked them if they were ready to give it their ratification. They all answered in the affirmative, and with the most zealous alacrity, proceeded to affix their seals to the document. A solemn procession followed, and the ordinance was passed into a law with all the pomp and circumstance of eastern legislation. In a few days, 5,000 new troops, called *echeudhjis*, were mustered, and Davoud Agah, a colonel of the Egyptian army, was appointed to discipline them.

But the display of zeal on the part of the Janissaries in giving their concurrence, only served as a cloak to their perfidious designs. On the very day on which they had expressed their approbation of the proposed measure, they formed a conspiracy to defeat its execution. They were divided in opinion as to the course to be pursued for this purpose. Some were for allowing the members of the newly enrolled corps to increase, in the confident anticipation that their arms would be ever at the service of their brethren; while others, apprehensive that they might be bribed out of their *esprit de corps*, urged the necessity of striking a blow, at once immediate and decisive. The troops themselves soon began to manifest symptoms of impatience. In vain did the Vizier expatiate on the expediency of the new changes; in vain did he quote that sentence of the Koran which says, "employ against the Christian every means in your power." The men murmured. "You enjoin us," said they, "the exercise of the *infidels*: it suits us not: it is ours to cleave the folded

felt with the sabre, and to fire at the mark!" These were signals which announced that a storm was at hand. The ministers were alarmed and embarrassed, and all men of reflection awaited the event with the utmost anxiety.

At length, on the night of the 15th of June, 1826, the Janissaries raised the standard of revolt on the open place *ei meidane*. They soon collected a sufficient force to commence operations. The first care was to seize on the *camp kettles* of their fellow soldiers; for such is the religious veneration in which these utensils are held, that to gain them is to gain the co-operation of their owners. By this feat they succeeded in drawing over and implicating great numbers. They next proceeded to storm and plunder the houses of the officers of state. The Grand Vizier lost no time in summoning together the Agahs with their forces. They assembled in the Serai, where they were joined by bands of students and citizens, eager to signalize their zeal for their sovereign. The Sultan soon made his appearance, and after an appropriate harangue, unrolled the standard of the prophet, and despatched the Grand Vizier at the head of the troops to attack the position of the rebels. The latter were so panic-struck by the terrible oriflamme, that instead of attempting to prevent the assembling of the citizens who flocked from Galata, Scutari, and Pera, they fell back upon their point d'appui at *ei meidane*. The Grand Vizier established his head-quarters at the mosk of the Sultan Akmed; a council of war was held, the issue of which was, that the two Viziers, Ibrahim and Mohammed, instantly marched upon the enemy with a few pieces of artillery. The Janissaries had fortified themselves in their position by barricading the great gates of the place *ei meidane*. To Ibrahim's summons to surrender, they sent back a shout of defiance. This was the signal for the onset. A well-directed fire soon levelled the barricades, and Ibrahim charged with such impetuosity, that the rebels were instantly broken and put to flight. Their vast barracks were burnt to the ground, many perished in the flames, and those who were taken prisoners were slaughtered without mercy.

The following day the Grand Vizier sat for the trial of offenders. Among those the most distinguished for intrepidity of character and turbulence of disposition was Ibrahim Agah, the superintendent of fire-engines. He had taken part in every previous revolt, and had amassed great wealth by his exactions for the repair and supply of pumps. "Agah," said the Grand Vizier to him, ironically, "it is your duty to superintend the extinguishing of fires—why were you not present when the barracks were in flames?" "That conflagration," replied the Agah in the same vein, "was too great to be extinguished; besides, it would appear it was the duty of a good subject rather to increase than to appease its violence." He was delivered over to the mufti; and when the executioners passed a cord of serpent's skin round his neck, he cried, "Pull away, my brave fellows," and died undauntedly. His body was flung into the street, and treated with every indignity. Two hundred officers shared the same fate.

Mustafa, the fruiterer, one of the boldest and most determined captains, for some time eluded the search of the police. At length

an officer having traced his wife to the house of one of her friends, he there discovered Mustafa concealed in a chest which served as a seat for the assembled women. He fastened the lid, and had it conveyed to the Sultan. It was set down in the imperial chamber, and on Mustafa being dragged forth—"Wretch!" said the Sultan, "has not my clemency already saved you from the punishment due to many a revolt?" Mustafa attempted to stammer out some excuse. "Blessed be the name of the Almighty," said the Sultan, "for thus confining within the narrow bounds of that chest a man whose pride the vast circle of Constantinople was insufficient to contain!"

Following up this decisive blow with vigour, the Sultan took measures to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of revolt. By an imperial edict he abolished the Janissaries; still, however, permitting them to receive their pay, which, coupled with the immense expenses incident to the formation and equipment of the new troops, fell heavily on the already almost exhausted revenues of the state. These were still further impaired by the largesses and presents with which it was found necessary to reward the zeal and fidelity of those Janissary officers who had espoused the cause of the Sultan in opposition to their companions. Seventy-five thousand piastres were distributed among the body of students who had taken an active part in the suppression of the insurrection. Hussein and Hassan Pachas were individually rewarded with large sums, and the inferior officers in proportion to their rank and zeal. Orders were transmitted to the different cities throughout the empire for carrying the royal firman into execution. The pressure of a superabundant population in the metropolis, and affording ever-ready materials for sedition, was alleviated by copious transportations to the neighbouring towns and villages, and by these measures tranquillity was finally restored.

The suppression of the Janissary corps involved that of the religious order of the Begtachis, with which it was identified. By virtue of a firman "for purifying the faith which had been corrupted by their mal-practices," the congregations of the Begtachis were abolished, and their chief functionaries seized, tried, and executed, for the crime of heresy. Great numbers of the order shared the same fate; and those to whom life was vouchsafed, were sent into banishment. Thus did Mohammed annihilate that formidable body which had been the terror of his predecessors, and which for several successive centuries had wielded all the real power of the state.



### NOTES OF AN ARTIST.—No. III.

#### FUSELI.

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My recollections of the academy, continually present to my mind's eye, the figure of Fuseli. In my time he was keeper, and always sat in the evening under the colossal Toso, in the school of the antique. I was accustomed to consider him as a sort of hoary-headed little sprite, whose office it was to guard by his presence that fragment of a giant. It was not easy to divest my fancy of the idea that there was something supernatural about him. Many were the sketches the students made of him as he reclined in a large chair under the powerful light of the lamps, either employed in reading some Greek poet, or gathering subjects from a mystic romance in German. His high sloping forehead, crowned with a profusion of white hair; his long nose, short chin, remarkable mouth, and prominent eyes, gave to his expression a wild imaginative air, whilst there appeared a lurking sarcasm and love of mischief strangely blended with higher thoughts. A foreign accent assisted this impression; when he spoke, his words rolled over his tongue like Anglicised Italian; to those unaccustomed to his pronunciation, he was unintelligible. A gentleman whom I knew, after having taken some pains to obtain an admission to one of his lectures, from which he anticipated great delight, found to his bitter disappointment, that with the utmost stretch of attention he could scarcely catch a sound familiar to his ear.

It was a curious sight to observe Fuseli, in his latter days, moving about the Academy, attended by Sam, the porter, whose tall gaunt figure contrasted strongly with the small person of the Professor. Fuseli sometimes wore a broad-brimmed black straw hat, and he walked as if his diminutive legs were struggling to support, not a body, but his head; which, still erect, seemed the most formidable object opposed to the attacks of time—the citadel not yet in a state to be stormed.

Fuseli has been described as the wit of the academy: he might be also justly entitled the *wizard of art*—he possessed the power of opening to our view the hidden world of appalling abstractions. The beings he produced “look not like the inhabitants of the earth,” “nor seem aught that man may question.” They own no costume, neither are they naked; their gestures are the contortions of dumb fiends, or bodies in purgatory; an ominous forefinger, the index to crime or suffering, violently points their horrid purposes. His capacity was too great to allow him to fail in depicting poetry in her loftiest flight; even something of the sublime occasionally gleamed from his pencil; but his impatience spurned at the control which a refined taste would impose upon his extravagant manner. All his learning—and he was no mean scholar—all his knowledge of the finest art, were unable to keep his love of the marvellous, his relish of the terrible, within bounds. Some of his pictures give one the

idea of their having been painted purposely to frighten the fancy from its propriety, as a nurse imposes upon the imagination of children. It was, without doubt, the predominant bias of his mind, to plunge beneath, or soar above the level of life into the supernatural world; his conception was of the utmost expansion out of the sphere of nature—it was poetical in horrors—it felt no sympathy with the unaffected sweetness of woman, or with the grace and energy of man uninfluenced by aught beyond the life they live in the flesh. The simple sorrow feeding on the damask cheek, had no charm for an imagination that revelled in the most appalling scenes of Dante and of Milton. If a voluptuously formed woman was designed on his canvass, it was to introduce a goblin knight hovering about, to pursue—to torment her. The beauty of her person was only valued as it might increase the contrast of surrounding terrors; he used it as a light which served but to aggravate the depicted woe. Year after year, the exhibition contained some new dream of poetical night-mare. In spite of neglect and the sneers of those who were too prejudiced to forgive his faults, and too dull to comprehend his genius, he continued painting his wilful energetic fancies, enjoying the mystification thrown around some of his subjects, which were drawn from a source rather recondite to the English public. “By G— this will puzzle them,” said he, as the following title to a picture was penned for the catalogue; “Sivrit, secretly married to Criemhild, surprised by Trony in his first interview with her, after his victory over the Saxons.—*Das Nibelungen Lied*.” People wondered who the deuce Trony could be, and not understanding the subject, laughed at the picture. His productions might almost invariably be recognized by their titles; they stood out in the catalogue, as they did on the academy walls. It was an act of supererogation, to affix H. Fuseli, R. A. to them. In the council room, where the works presented by the academicians on their election are deposited, and of which a list is reprinted in each yearly catalogue, we find in juxtaposition with “Venus and Cupid,” “Gipsy Girl,” “Age and Infancy,” “Flowers,” “Boy and Kitten,” “A Coast Scene,” “Cottagers,” “Children,” “Charity,” “The Village Buffoon,” “Boy and Rabbit,” “Design for a New House of Lords,” “Boys digging for a Rat,” “*THOR battering THE SERPENT OF MITGARD, in the boat of HYMER THE GIANT!*”—This, it is almost needless to say, is Fuseli’s.

The abundant fancy displayed in his fairy scene from the Midsummer Night’s Dream elicited general admiration. The ground, the herbs, the flowers, swarm with fantastic beings as light and lively as grasshoppers in a field. Their long outstretched limbs are admirably adapted for airy leaps—they sport like insects in the sun, animated by no other passion than a love of motion—unconsciously propelled into a thousand fantastic attitudes. Milton furnished his mind with a gallery of subjects. One of the most poetical compositions I ever saw is the Uriel and Satan. The devil “throws his steep flight into many an airy wheel;” the angel meditatively watches him. Some of the Adam and Eve groups are executed with more of the hue of nature about them than any other of Fuseli’s works. The Departure from

Paradise is full of "melancholy grace"—Eve pressing the head of "our primitive great sire" to her bosom, is exquisitely sweet and delicately treated: this subject forms a singular exception to the general character of his inventions. Lycidas, though mannered in the drawing of the figure, displays a high degree of feeling—the composition is grand. The Lazar House is awful.

Nothing could be more absurd than the story which came out at the time his Night Mare was exhibited, that Fuseli was accustomed to excite his imagination by supping on raw tripe and sausages. If the fact were not well known to be otherwise, and, that by his friends he was distinguished as a delicate feeder, one might infer that the tendency of his natural taste would supersede the necessity for any such gross means to force horrors upon his mind. To his imagination chimeras dire were a delight—"The Night Hag bestriding the Blast" was more charming to his fancy than the fairest of earth's daughters. The ghost of Denmark's buried majesty is not to be ascribed to the rich effect of undigested pork—it arose out of the pure essence of an unclouded mind. Had such a painter as Guido desired a terrible subject for his pencil, to shut out for a time the vision of angelic faces ever present to his fancy, it would have been more natural to resort to such a method; but Fuseli's brain teemed with all that his canvass has exhibited without the assistance of the tripeman or the pig-butcher.

In Allan Cunningham's *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence* is a curious passage relating to Fuseli. "When he first saw my Satan," remarks Laurence, "he was nettled, and said, 'you borrowed the idea from me.' 'In truth I did take the idea from you,' I said; 'but it was from your person, not from your paintings. When we were all together at Stockport Court, in Pembrokeshire, you may remember how you stood on yon high rock which overlooks the bay of Bristol, and gazed down upon the sea which rolled so magnificently below. You were in rapture; and while you were crying—'Grand! grand! Jesus Christ, how grand! how terrific!' you put yourself in a wild posture. I thought on the devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at the time: here it is—my Satan's posture now, was yours then.'"

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## THE LOVE-CHILD.

[Continued.]

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IN the smith's shop, where many of the villagers were accustomed to congregate on winter evenings, to gossip, gambol, and play at ALL FOURS on the anvils, I had heard horrid tales about bloodhounds in foreign parts; and my grandmother's parlour was adorned with a coloured print, in which a leash of the breed were depicted in the act of tearing down a poor naked black. One of them, as I remember to this day, had leaped upon the man's shoulder, and thrusting his head forward, had grabbed him by the throat. Blotches of blood were distributed about the dog's jaws—the victim's tongue lolled forth—it was an awful affair, and I never could look at it without suffering that strange cutaneous emotion which produces "goose's flesh." I was far from an obedient boy; and my wrathful grandmother had often threatened to take me by the scruff of the neck, hurl me over the palisadoes of Squire Patch's court-yard, and let the blood-hounds "worry me a trifle, or two,"—these were her very words.

The ugly monsters (they had been christened SIN and DEATH) were, as I have stated, now on my track—their business was with me.

My first impulse was to go down the bed of the brook, break cover in Cuckold's Harem field, and make off towards Farmer Belroy's house, or my grandmother's hovel. Belroy, I felt satisfied, would protect me; and my formidable grandmother was in my estimation, single-handed, a match for any thing that drew the breath of life. A hare once took shelter, literally on her hearth—even beneath the grate; and in defiance of a whole army of red-coats belonging to a distant hunt, and a full pack of strong hounds, she preserved the wretched animal's life. The dogs and their attendant gentlemen broke through her miserable window and the mud wall beneath it; but my fierce grandmother, who was a washerwoman, stood in the breach, and by dexterously plying the simple artillery of boiling water from an enormous crock, compelled the beleaguers to beat a retreat, after having suffered considerable loss. Most of the leading hounds, and many of the gentlemen and their horses, were dreadfully scalded: the dogs howled with agony, and ran to and fro, snapping at every thing in their way, as though they were mad. One of them, I remember, flew at an old elder tree in front of the hut, and seemed to derive immense consolation from gnawing its rough trunk. The gentlemen roared hideously, and the horses snorted, neighed, whinnied, kicked, pranced, pawed, and tore up the hard gravel road with their desperate teeth, in so frightful a manner, that I besought my grandmother, in screams, to desist. Not she indeed! While any of those who had battered her mud castle remained within range of her liquid projectile, she continued to deal it forth by the ladle-full; exclaiming, ever and anon, "You'd worry a hare, would you? She has turned into a witch, you see! When water fails I've



irons at the fire, and, God help me! I shall try to flatten your faces!" The gallant hunt retired discomfited and disgraced; but the poor hare, notwithstanding all that we could do for it, died the next day, as my grandmother said, "of a bursten heart," from her efforts in the chase. During the night she squealed like a child in agony—her dying look was dreadfully human. I shall never forget it.

Could I but get beneath or behind my grandmother's stiff, thick, patched petticoat, I should have dared to pebble the noses of Sin and Death with a consciousness of perfect impunity; could I have reached Farmer Belroy's kitchen, I felt sure that I should have nothing to fear from any thing appertaining to Squire Patch; but in the open fields I should incur the risk of being *viewed*, and run down. I therefore determined on steering for another haven, namely, the cottage of Ezra, the gamekeeper who had shot me in the leg. It was much nearer than Farmer Belroy's or my grandmother's, and it could be come at, entirely, with the exception of one meadow and a garden, through thick cover. It lay, however, in quite a different direction, and to reach it I was compelled to retrace my flounderings *up* the bed of the brook. As I passed silently and unseen the spot where I had made my plunge, the bloodhounds, Sin and her half-bred daughter Death, whose sire was a bulldog, were baying above me, and I heard Squire Patch shrieking for the Caddiscombe otter hounds. Quietly making my way up the stream, I at length reached the root of a tall and noble maiden oak, which rose from one of its banks, and after having overtopped the underwood, among which it was born, soared bravely up into broad daylight far above the ridge of the little ravine. This friendly tree I climbed with ease, and travelling to the extremity of one of its upper branches, alighted safely on the level of the wood.

Fear, as the novelists of Leadenhall-street observe, lent me wings, and I flew through the copse. In five minutes I had reached the back door of Ezra's cottage. I opened it, shut it quietly behind me, shot the lower bolt, the only one I could reach, and, being barefooted, came into the kitchen without being heard. Kitty was clasped in the arms, and weeping on the shoulder, of her brother, Blue Peter, the poacher. The interview was clandestine; I revealed myself by coughing, and they looked like guilty things. Kitty, notwithstanding my filth, clutched me up to her bosom, and kissed me. Blue Peter laughed. I frankly told them my story; and within a few moments from its conclusion, I was stripped, plunged into a large tub of soap-suds—it was Kitty's washing day—and after having been properly towelled, put to bed. I was still in a state of horrible alarm; but Blue Peter vanquished my bitter apprehensions of the bloodhounds, by assuring me that no canine nose in the world could follow me up a maiden oak. Kitty brought me a podger of hot milk enriched with lots of sugar, and a dash of smuggled brandy, and in half an hour after I had entered the cottage, I was sleeping, at mid-day, in a fine feather-bed—fast as a top.

My repose was, however, doomed to be brief as that hurried but less comfortable slumber which befel me on the bank of the brook. I had a violent and vivid dream, in which, as I subsequently found,

imagination had been powerfully assisted or excited by reality. Squire Patch was Satan, cast out of the herd of swine: he vomited bloodhounds in couples—an eternal succession of twins—fac-similes of Sin and Death—and these the swine devoured. Meanwhile my grandmother danced on an upturned washing-tub, and her reverend donkey brayed. Each of the pigs—and there were millions—seemed identical with *our* Sir Simon—but it is necessary to explain.

My grandmother, as I have said, was a washerwoman—about half a grade above a pauper; but proud, reckless, and independent as any supreme lord of lives and property in the universe. Although earning but a scanty subsistence by the labour of her hands in her old age, after having spent the early and middle part of life in comparative opulence—she feared nothing—she cared for nobody. She had prospectively paid for her bit of burial-ground in the parish church. Her coffin had, for years, been under the bed; its cover possessed hinges and a lock and key; the solemn utensil contained her valuables—a little tea—a little sugar—the keg of cider—the small stone jar of illegitimate white brandy—her thin-worn wedding-ring which, unlike herself, not being fitted to endure hard work, had snapped—a lock of Billy Timms' hair, the youth of her maiden love—great grandfather's battered Bible, on the yellow fly-leaf of which was scrawled a register of the birth of every babe born in the family for three generations, *except myself*—several old silver thimbles, pierced through by severe use, in her better days—a gaudy garnet brooch—three singular silk gowns—my grand-uncle's breeches with five *bonâ fide* gold buttons, formed of seven shilling pieces, at each of the knees—several certificates of marriage, stuffed for better security into the toes of so many high-heeled shoes—a padusoy and a stuffed parrot—the sight of which was the only thing in the world that could make her shed tears. God knows why—I never asked, and I never found out. She always produced it with the Bible on Sunday mornings, when it was her invariable practise to take out her spectacles—they had but half a glass left—and read me a chapter. On these occasions she frequently talked of teaching me my letters; but the next day a career of steam and soap-suds was commenced, which lasted throughout the week, and my education was forgotten, until the Sabbath appearance of her battered Bible and its never-failing accompaniment the green poll-parrot with blue cheeks.

To carry home her linen she always had a Ned—that is, always within my memory; and I could hardly believe Blue Peter, the poacher, when he first told me that our fine, tall, stately, stout, long-eared friend, who looked as though he had ever been just as he was, had actually pined for some time about the dead body of his dam on the common, and would have died without an owner, if granny hadn't kindly taken to the ragged, miserable foal, and reared him. Poor as we were, the Ned was always fat and sleek—his neigh could be heard for miles—he pranced with pride, and to him were ascribed the finest mules on the Caddiscombe railroad. He was now grey as a badger with age, but his youthful energy had not departed. Though grisly, he galloped most gallantly beneath the weight of granny and her customers' linen. He worked only two days in the week—

Monday and Saturday—during the other five he fed in perfect freedom on the common. Once upon a time, Squire Patch's people had caught and put him in harness, by way of a lark; but his emancipation was speedily achieved by a trifling exertion of his prodigious powers—the coachman said “that he could kick a town down.”

This capital creature was a very useful piece of property: but touching my grandmother's other animal nothing laudatory can be said. Nobody could recollect where she had picked him up. The bacon was all bought—there had not been a porker in the parish within the memory of man. Sir Simon had neither cotemporaries, progeny, or subjects—he was himself alone—the Pig.

There were plenty of cocks and hens—cows, bulls, bullocks, rams, ewes, lambs, and chilver hogs—but no pig barring Sir Simon. The Ned had not a name—the pig had. Every body knew him as Sir Simon. He was the kindest, the most patient animal in the world. If the boys had nothing better to do, they sought him out, on the common, and three or four of them at once bestrode him. When fairly mounted he would ejaculate a note or two, expressive of mock-heroic indignation, raise his head, cock his tail, and set off at full speed. In a few moments his riders were invariably thrown. Buckle himself could not sit a pig at full speed. The scapular and caudal vertebræ are so much lower than the lumbar—at least they were in Sir Simon, the only pig I ever rode—that with the animal's violent action the rider is inevitably shuffled over his head, or shelved over his tail, unless he can take and maintain hold of the latter organ and one of the ears. But this Sir Simon would on no account permit. He was good-humoured to a fault; he would dig on the common for the roots he loved with a squib tied to his tail, but the moment you touched his ears you put him in a passion—he debased you to the level of a dog, and knocked you ten feet off, topsy turvy, without the least remorse. His tusks were like the canine teeth of a tiger, but he never used them, even when irritated, except against dogs. He would lift a boy by an upward action of his snout over a fern bush, and leave him unhurt upon the sward beyond; but if a strange dog tackled him, it was his sublime pleasure to adopt a demi-lateral, demi-perpendicular action of the head, by which his assailant was mortally ripped, and tossed, sprawling in the agonies of death, over the swine's head. To the boys Sir Simon was a rough, good-humoured playmate on an emergency; to a dog he was dire.

The pig had but one predilection: he never testified the least particle of love towards me, my grandmother, or any other human being; but for the Ned he entertained a decided partiality. He was always with him, except when once now and then he would stroll into Cuckold's Harem wood for a feast of beech-mast and acorns. Where the Ned was grazing, there the pig was ploughing. He trotted by the side of his long-eared friend, when their mutual mistress took home her clean linen; he *couched* on the common, at his back. He recognized nothing but the Ned; but the Ned never seemed to take the least notice of him.

The realities that mingled with my dream were my grandmother's screams, the howls of Sin, Squire Patch's shouts, and Sir Simon's deep guttural triumphant grunt. I awoke in a violent fright, and as



soon as I became conscious of where I was, stole on tiptoe to the window for information. In the high road from the peak of Transom Torr, which the front of Ezra's cottage commanded for nearly a quarter of a mile, there was to me a most appalling piece of work. At one timid, anxious, furtive peep through the jessamine which partially shaded the window, I saw that I had occasioned a frightful commotion. The living picture before me told its story in an instant. From what I saw, the conviction flashed upon me that some good-natured friend had gone down to my grandmother, and told her about Squire Patch having uncoupled the bloodhounds on my track. The old woman, as a matter of course, had mounted her palfrey, and come off at full speed to the rescue. On reaching the scene of action, Death, the younger of the bloodhounds, having a dash of the bull-dog breed in her derived from her sire, had pinned the Ned. Sir Simon, perceiving the nose of his friend between the jaws of a dog, had torn the latter from neck to navel. Sin, a witness of the catastrophe, having no bull-dog blood in her veins, had taken to her heels—Sir Simon, who went to great lengths when he was put up, had followed, supported by my desperate grandmother and her enraged Ned.

All this, as I subsequently ascertained, had taken place; but, as I have said, the facts flashed upon me at a glance. First came the liver-coloured blood-hound, Sin,—a single object—the very centre of the living picture,—fat, gasping, and scarcely able to maintain a gallop: drops of burning sweat rolled over her red fevered tongue (the only part in which dogs perspire); her eyes were bloodshot, and the protruded pupils were dragged backward, and fixed in horrid alarm on her pursuers; her tail was between her legs, her back was smooth, not a hair on it was elevated. Next came Sir Simon:—his tusks were gory; he frequently licked his hirsute lips; the bristles on his back were all bolt upright; his tail, which naturally had a trifling curl, looked as though he had tied it into a knot; by setting in action some of the muscles about his jaws, his long rugged tusks were fully developed—he grunted with glee.

My granny and her Ned followed. The old lady was in a desperate plight. Her cap had blown off, and her long grizzly hair, divided into numerous ropy rat's tails, shot out in straight lines from the back of her head. Her brown sinewy arms were in violent motion, for she was urging the Ned, by thumping his neck with her white fists, soddened in soap suds, to increase his speed. But this exertion on her part was needless. The Ned seemed to be personally interested in the exploit; his lips were margined with crimson foam; the spirit of vengeance beamed forth from his dark eyes; his ears lay flat on his neck; his flexible and wounded upper lip was in constant motion; he frequently revealed his long teeth, and evidently had an intense desire to have a *scrunch* at the bones of the blood-hound.

Squire Patch and his visitors—the troop of boys who had followed me from Transom Torr—two or three gamekeepers—that infernal position who flogged me so—the blacksmith, hot from his forge—the tailor, in slippers—Mr. Snikes, the shoemaker, trying to tuck up his intractable new leathern apron—old hobbling Holloway—Shriek, the



parish clerk—in fact, two thirds of the village formed a busy background to the picture. Patch was blaspheming as though he had been Beelzebub: he could not overtake my granny, and foresaw that his darling bloodhound must inevitably fall a prey to the tusk of the pig. Among the multitude I perceived Ezra; he had a fowling piece in his hand, which he contrived to charge as he ran. Leaping on a dunghill, clothed with weeds in brilliant blossom, by the road side, he knelt down and levelled at Sir Simon. I stood on the tips of my great toes, and clenched my hands until I saw the result of his fire. It took effect.

The small shot, however, merely tickled the pig's thick hide; he received them as a possé of practical jokes, and uttering two or three very gruff, but, to those who knew him, intensely jocose grunts, galloped on with increased speed, although, as I perceived, when he passed, a few of the long bristles that clothed his nether haunch were strung with liquid rubies. There was a patch of flat green turf, at the other side of the road, on which, when the pig had passed, I discovered Blue Peter sprawling in a perfect paroxysm of laughter.

But the scene, however comic it might have been to him, was truly dolorous to me. The last glimpse I obtained of Sir Simon, his enormous ears were flapping up and down like an eagle's wings, triumphantly, as it seemed, bearing him onward to his prey. Granny, mounted on her infuriate Ned, was hard by his haunch; no aid was at hand, and I foresaw that, if Sin had nine lives, they would in a few moments be nine times annihilated. Sir Simon would rip up his flanks—the Ned would scrunch his ribs, and granny would complete the massacre by tearing him limb from limb. The fatal consequences of so audacious an exploit would not be felt so much by the Ned, Sir Simon, or granny, as by me—the first cause of the calamity. Ezra, I was sure, had detected me behind the jessamine as he passed, and I determined to decamp.

After having made my wet and grimy toilet, I descended the stairs, and—Kitty having gone out to see the fun—made my escape by the back-door, sneaked along the garden, and through the ditch of the meadow, into cover. I descended the maiden oak—traversed the brook until the point where it reached Cuckold's Harem Field—emerged there and threw myself flat in a diagonal furrow. Many hours elapsed, and when the west began to grow rosy, I ventured to peep above the corn-blades. My eye fell upon the face of a human being—it was that of dear little Agnes.

Her father being from home again, she had brought me successively, my breakfast, dinner, and supper. Supposing that I was playing the truant, and would probably make my appearance before night, she had kindly concealed my absence from the servants. How I loved her! The bacon, though cold, was capital. I did not eat—I devoured! Her aspect gradually brightened up, and at length my voracity so much amused her, that she cackled like a pullet. While she was in this pleasant mood, having satisfied my appetite, and drained a shooting horn of stout old cider, which she had brought with the bacon, I recounted my recent exploits and perils, and from

my mode of treating them, they seemed to strike her as being replete with fun. Once now and then, however, she turned pale, and stared at me awfully; and when I showed her the ridges raised on my urchin hide, by the short-docker of that atrocious postilion—base-born as myself—she recoiled with horror, and I had much ado to prevent her from running away. As soon as I could prevail upon her to resume the seat she had previously occupied, I excited her interest by discoursing on my future prospects. I had made the village by far too hot to hold me, and I considered it very advisable to be off. It was Saturday evening, and I proposed, during the night, to crawl away to Caddiscombe, where, if Lavolta kept his word, I should meet with him at the fair, on Monday morning. Agnes suggested, that the intervening Sabbath would starve me. To knock this objection on the head, I proposed to pocket my untouched maternal mess of fried potatoes, and vesper ditto of brown bread and cheese: besides, I should meet with lots of hawthorn buds, and it was hard, if, after all my experience—as I meant to work my way as much as possible in covert—I couldn't find at least one squirrel's winter hoard of nuts unexhausted, in the Caddiscombe woods.

We were sitting opposite each other in the diagonal furrow, into which I had first thrown myself. Agnes, with a melancholy glance, surveyed the space between my naked head and my naked ankles—she gazed on tatters. Granny never thought of buying me raiment—I clothed myself. The nether garments I wore, were my own. I purchased them for a penny three months before, from Dick Withers, who had found them somewhere; my jacket was a loan. I had no pretension to shirt, waistcoat, hat, shoes, or stockings. Had I accepted the two latter articles from Ezra and his wife, perhaps I should not have had the courage to have worn them—in *me*, and among *my* companions, it would have looked proud.

Agnes, without speaking a word, took from her bosom a little *huswife*, given to her for the purpose of dressing her dolls. Selecting a little fairy needle, and threading it with a bit of blue silk, she knelt down and commenced sewing up a large rent which revealed the whole of my right knee. We soon began to talk again, and before she had proceeded far in cobbling up the numberless breaches in my garments, I had half persuaded her to be the companion of my meditated expatriation—for such the flight to Caddiscombe to both of us appeared. Her father had often threatened to pack her off to a boarding-school; but do what she would to make him angry, he still delayed the fulfilment of his menace, which it was her intense desire to bring about, for she felt sick of home, and longed to learn dancing. Poor little dear! She had no mother—no sisters or brothers—no companions. Her intercourse with humanity was rigidly restricted: with nothing to do, she felt herself enslaved. When a good girl, she was allowed to play with her dolls in the parlour or the garden; when deemed naughty, she was shut up with them in the brown closet, behind the back bed-room.

We were just on the point of coming to a conclusion, when somebody tittered—we looked up, and there was Blue Peter; over his shoulder gleamed the ruddy countenance of Dolly. They had over-

heard us, and in a few moments our project, so far as regarded Agnes, was utterly annihilated. Neither of them would, for an instant, entertain it. Agnes was lugged home, shrieking, by Dolly; and Blue Peter promised to hide me under a hen-coop in his own cottage, during the Sabbath, and put me far and free on the road to Caddiscombe long before the sun rose on Monday morning; for he thought that I could not do better than try my luck with Lavolta. My grandmother, he said, was ruined, out and out; for not only did Sir Simon sacrifice Sin, but the ferocious old woman had most severely thrashed Squire Patch.

On hearing this, I would on no account trust myself, for a whole day, to the protection of Blue Peter's hen-coop, but determined to get away at once—threatening the poacher that I would bite him if he attempted to prevent me. Peter took this very good-humouredly, and offering me his back, said he would carry me a clear mile on my road. Pocketing my provisions, and taking the ribbon of Agnes from the deserted bush-magpie's nest, where I had deposited it—I had not thought of it while the young darling was present—I mounted my friend's back, and away we went.

We had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile, when he pulled up under a broad oak. The sky above us was still, in patches, blue and bright; but the spray and budding foliage of the trees made our path occasionally gloomy. Beneath the oak we were in perfect shade. Casting his recondite eye upwards, he said that there were three pheasants at perch on a lofty slender branch, which would not bear him. "They're *craning* out their necks," quoth he; "steal up and twist 'em. Mind me—they be wide awake, but bothered between the lights." I moved, as an amendment, that I should take up three pebbles, and hit them one by one off the roost. We were, however, walking on a bed of thick elastic moss, and Blue Peter, partially falling in with my views, in the absence of pebbles, furnished me with a few penny pieces. I got up the oak with ease, and when upon a level with the birds—they had not yet tucked their heads under their wings—I placed three of my monetary missiles, one upon the other, between my forefinger and thumb, and carefully, but with all my strength, let go. There were three of them, but I only hit one: down he fell—it was a splendid cock—like lead; the others dashed up into the light and disappeared.

Blue Peter was pleased, and gave me sixpence. Soon after we parted; and being excessively tired, I crept into the hollow of a tree that had fallen, and enjoyed a sound repose. When I awoke it was past mid-day; but this fact it took me an hour's labour to ascertain. I had crept in easily enough, but I found it a matter of appalling difficulty to retrograde. At one time, I felt all but certain that my bed would prove my coffin. The worst of my position was, that although faint with hunger and exertion, I could not get at the fried potatoes, the bread, and the cheese in my pockets—both my hands being unfortunately above my head. At last, by an accidental tortuous exertion, I emancipated myself; and after breakfasting by the side of a pond, from which, as I sate silently, two or three thrushes came for mud to plaster the interior of their nests, I went on my way.



Before nightfall I reached Caddiscombe, and ventured into the market-place, where the fair was about to be held. It was a cattle as well as what is called a pleasure fair. All was bustle, and every body seemed big with preparation for the next morning. I wandered to and fro, half stupified by the uproar, for several hours, without seeing Lavolta. About two o'clock in the morning the hurly-burly had considerably decreased—the sheep and swine were penned—the horned cattle tethered, and it behoved me to look out for a bed. Crawling into the group of cattle, I at length found a recumbent cow tied to a post, whose large belly and bursting udder offered peculiar attractions. I scratched the poor creature's head—rubbed her painful dugs, which the calf, muzzled and tied to one of her horns, had not sucked for at least two meals, and having sufficiently ingratiated myself, ventured to lie down and take one of the teats in my mouth. When I had sucked my fill, all around me being tolerably quiet, I untethered the calf, slipped off his muzzle, and let him have a bellyful; then, curling myself up on the cow's warm paunch, I composed myself to sleep. Towards morning my slumbers were dreadfully interrupted by vehement hammering, and when I thought proper to open my eyes, right opposite me, where the night before a number of bare poles had slightly intercepted the moonbeams, I perceived a superb erection, in front of which, about ten o'clock, I experienced the felicity of seeing Lavolta.

He was clad from top to toe in velvet, and silk, and spangles—the most splendid personage I had ever beheld. Squire Patch was a cow-boy to him. But I should never have detected him but for the large blue wen, which he called a mole, under his left ear. The moment I recognized this, I dashed up the steps. My costume and boldness produced a burst of merriment from the spectators, and Lavolta tickled me down with a tandem whip, which he wielded with extraordinary grace and emphasis. It was clear that he did not recollect me. To make myself known to him, I threw myself on my hands, and with legs aloft, proceeded to mount the steps. As soon as I came within his reach he gave me two or three encouraging taps with the crop of his whip, and when I reached the stage on which he stood, he took me by the shoulder, and led me kindly to the entrance of a dark narrow passage, down which he desired me to grope, and consider myself a part of his establishment.

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## VENTEROLOGY.

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THE attention of such as have had the direction of a people has frequently been applied, for political purposes, to the consideration of those influences which principally bear on the character, either for the sake of subduing those passions which might prejudice a faith, or prove injurious to the welfare of a state; the first object was aimed at by Mahomet, when he denied to his followers the use of wine; and by the Roman Catholics when they ordained the fasts which, by rendering the body less subject to the animal passions, made the mind more alive to religious precepts: the Jews also were not ignorant of these influences, and made their laws accordingly.

Not only in a moral, but also in a civil point of view, has that which "enters a man's mouth" been destined to have its influence; for it cannot have escaped the observation of any reader of history, however hastily he may have glanced over its pages, that the description of a people having any peculiar or striking character, is always accompanied with some account of their mode of living, to which that character may in a great degree be ascribed. The love of warfare, for which the Persians were distinguished, may to a large extent be referred to the wine of which they were so fond and used so freely. Darius himself appears to have been in this respect by no means abstemious, for he boasts in his epitaph that he could drink much wine and carry it well. In the contest for the crown of Persia between Cyrus and Artaxerxes, the former, in his letter to the Lacedemonians, in which he asks their assistance, lays claim to it, among other reasons, on the ground of his being a great drinker, and better able to bear a large quantity of wine than his brother. Philip of Macedon was fond of the pleasures of the table, and indulged not a little in the use of wine; this latter propensity was once mentioned to Demosthenes as a subject for much praise, but the orator replied that "to drink freely was rather the quality of a sponge than that of a king." The love of wine and war descended from Philip to his son Alexander the Great; his success in the one and his excess in the other are matters of history: the murder of Clitus was effected during the heat of wine; and, to crown all, Alexander himself died under its influence after draining the cup of Hercules. Such, and many more like instances might be mentioned, in which the indulgence of any particular appetite has a great sway over the character of individuals and nations; but the saying of Philocrates, when he differed from Demosthenes, must not be passed over: "Do not wonder, Athenians, that I differ from Demosthenes, for he drinks water and I drink wine."

We have an amusing dialogue from *Twelfth Night*, or *What you Will*, between Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and Sir Toby Belch, in which the former being chided by the latter for his slowness and queer fashion of making love to Maria, excuses himself thus:—*Sir Andrew*. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary

man has ; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.—*Sir Toby*. No question.—*Sir Andrew*. An' I thought so I'd forswear it.

Sir Toby Belch says of his friend, "He plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages, word for word, without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature ;" and yet, in spite of all these acquirements and gifts of nature, he lacked that common parlance which is used in making love. And how did this happen ? We have his own words for it : he was a "great eater of beef."

Mossop, the actor, is said to have been particularly attached to various food, according to the line of character he was to represent :—broth for one ; roast pork for tyrants ; steaks for "Measure for Measure ;" boiled mutton for lovers ; pudding for "Tancred," &c. As there is a great dearth of dramatic talent at the present time, it would, perhaps, be well for those who have the care of the rising generation of tragedians and comedians, to see that proper directions, among their other rules, be given with reference to diet. They, who are much subject to dreaming, will not fail to have remarked that the character of their dreams is very much influenced by the food which they have taken during the day, but more especially by that which forms their evening's repast ; the purposes to which such dreams may be applied by those who understand the means by which they are created, have occasionally been brought before the eyes of the public in the works of the poet, the novelist, and the painter. The conclusion would be far from unreasonable, that as an article of diet has an influence on the mind when the judgment is not exercised, as is presumed to be the case in dreaming, so, *à fortiori*, when the mind is more under the influence of a particular diet, used for a longer space of time, the character of the individual will be the more strongly developed.

"Let those," says Galen, "who deny that the difference of aliments can render some temperate, others dissolute, some chaste, others incontinent, some courageous, others cowardly, some meek, others quarrelsome,—come to me : let them follow my counsels, as to eating and drinking, and I promise them that they will get great help therefrom towards moral philosophy." Chrysippus advises that infants should be brought up by *clever* nurses only ; and a remarkable instance of the conviction that the nutriment of children constituted a part of their education, is recorded of Blanche de Castille, the mother of Saint Louis, a lady of great acquirements. One day when the queen was labouring under a violent attack of fever, a lady of quality, who, to please her majesty, or to imitate her, also nourished her son, hearing the little Louis cry with thirst, quickly devised the means of appeasing him. The queen, on her recovery from the attack, would have performed the like office, but the little Saint was already satisfied. The cause of this was soon discovered ; and the queen, instead of thanking the lady for her kind offices, regarded her with an angry look, and putting her finger in the mouth of the infant, caused him to return all he had taken. This excited much astonishment ; but the queen said she could not endure that another woman should have the right of disputing with her the offices of a mother ; so firm, says the nar-

rator of the story, was the conviction, at that time, that the nutriment of children formed a part of their education.

If we can put any faith in Swift, with respect to the satire which he has so lavishly bestowed on all professions in his *Gulliver's Travels*, it must have been the prevalent doctrine of the medical men of his time that the mind was in a great degree subject to the influence which the food had upon the body. The hero of the story, in his visit to the academy at Lagado, mentions that one of the professors shewed him a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their time of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; and many other points which it is not necessary to mention. The height to which the doctrine might have been carried, may perhaps stand as an apology for the severity of the satire; but no one can doubt that ill-concocted viands not only produce commotions in the human bowels, but, it may be, "convulsions and heats in the bowels of Europe;" for it is an axiom, sanctioned by the highest authority, that well-digested opinions are the product of well-digested viands, and *vice versâ*. In truth, it has been satisfactorily proved, that in every stage of human life—health and disease—pleasure and pain—and even life and death, are dependent on the functions of the stomach. Let those therefore who would enjoy an easy and agreeable state of mind be careful in the choice of their viands and their cook; and may it be their lot to exclaim—

"Que je puisse toujours, après avoir diné,  
Bénir le cuisinier que le ciel m'a donné!"

What Sir Andrew Ague-cheek suspected to be the cause of his dulness, is in fact the prevailing error among Englishmen of the present day: we are "great eaters of beef." This "*toujours perdrix*" system, this animal diet, cannot fail to make us the silent and sedate creatures we are. The Frenchman, on the contrary, makes his repast off a variety of aliments, which, by cookery, are rendered inviting to the palate, and easy of digestion to the stomach: as a consequence, his conversation is light and agreeable, never tiresome from its sameness, but various and pleasing. It is even asserted that our personal beauty depends upon eating and drinking; and that the ugliness of the Calmucks is solely owing to their feasting on raw flesh; an alarming piece of news to all eaters of half-dressed beef, and a convincing proof of the importance of cookery.

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## GLANCE AT THE GREAT POWERS.

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THERE is one word that by common consent is now generally applied to every thing political, and which powerfully attests the indecision and uncertainty—those marked attributes—of our times: this word is Question. In fact every thing, whether at home or abroad, comes under this category. Internally, we have the East and West India questions, the Currency question, the Corn-law question, &c. &c. Externally, the Belgian, the Spanish and the Portuguese, the Greek and the Turco-Egyptian questions, the solution of which baffles the calculation of the most skilful observers of the varying aspect of the political horizon.

Amid this chaos of interests, this conflict of principles, a faint glimmering of light breaks upon our darkened vision. The Ministerial journals now tell us that the Belgian question is on the eve of its final adjustment; but this language has been held by the government scribes "*usque ad nauseam*." Let us therefore examine through what phases it is yet doomed to pass. First, then, as a preliminary arrangement, we shall have a cessation of coercive measures on the part of England and France; the affair being thus placed upon the identical bases it was before the embargo. After a little diplomatic coquetry, the northern powers will again join the Conference, and a new series of protocols will be commenced. Three years of negotiation, and two years of hostilities, will thus have brought things back to nearly their point of departure.

This Belgian question is another proof of a very evident truth, that ever since the "untoward event" of Navarino, every thing that has been done in Europe has been "*de par et pour la Russie*." Occupied by projects of internal reform and social re-organization, the attention of both England and France has been of late exclusively devoted to their internal concerns, a circumstance of which Russian diplomacy has skilfully profited to develop its projects of political aggrandizement. Thus, in France, we find the Chamber of Deputies occupied with the examination of the "*projet de loi*" relative to the municipal laws. This is an immense question, striking, as it does, at the root of the system of centralization and laxity of administration of the French government. It is a daring conception of the republican party; for should the measure proposed by Odillon Barot and his party pass, it will exhibit the most extended application of the federal system the world has yet beheld. That the central system has been carried too far we admit; but such a sweeping re-organization as the one contemplated—nothing, in fact, less than giving a separate administration to each of the fifteen thousand communes into which France is municipally divided—would soon prove a death-blow to the monarchy. In whatever shape the measure may ultimately pass, it clearly indicates that the republican party are not so inconsiderable as they have been represented. Louis Philippe wears an uneasy crown. The external direction of the mouvement, compressed



at the frontier by his timid policy, threatens every moment, by its recoil, to hurl him from his throne. Like Louis the XVth, he may, on looking around him, exclaim, "*Je plains mon successeur*:" and who is bold enough to point out his successor?

Europe may be likened to a slumbering volcano. On the absolute soil of Spain we behold the curious spectacle of the exercise of the elective franchise, such as it is. But when convoked, the Cortes will be but the shadow of those that, with the energy of the better periods of Spanish history, used thus to address their king:—*Nos que valemos tanto que vos—Nos, que podemos mas que vos*—(We who are as good as you—we who have more power than you): for the members of this legislative assembly will be solely composed of the noblesse, the dignitaries of the church, and the deputies of the towns that still retain the "*voto en Cortes*:" these last are elected by the *Ayuntamientos* (corporations), the members of which have either become hereditary, or are nominated by the king. In this body, therefore, there will not be even the simulacrum of popular representation; it will be a mere *lit de justice* to register the act of recognition of the infant queen; after which it will be thrown aside as a piece of useless lumber: while Ferdinand, having attained his object, will relapse into the arms of the Camarilla.

In the south-western section of the Peninsula, the aspect of affairs is not more cheering. Don Pedro still remains shut up in Oporto, at the head of an army in which every state of Europe is represented but that of his daughter, viz. Portugal itself. Instead of acting boldly in the field like the pretender Charles Edward, he has wasted his time in pitiful intrigues that have rendered him the contempt both of friend and foe; and should he ultimately prove successful, such is the rancorous animosity that subsists between the two parties, that it will require at least a quarter of a century to heal the wounds of civil war; and double that time, to re-organize the finances of the kingdom, and to cultivate upon her soil the seeds of freedom, for among the present race of Lusitanians, the materials of free institutions are slender indeed.

Having travelled from the Scheldt to the Tagus, let us now take wing to the banks of the mighty Danube; there we find the arch-Metternich, the framer of Holy Alliances, the soul of anti-liberal crusades—Metternich, at whose name freedom grows pale, and who is held in universal execration from one end of the continent to the other. In spite, however, of those ancient and tenaciously preserved traditions of the policy of Austria—accustomed to wear out her enemies rather conquer them—we certainly did not consider her so blinded to her own interest, as to be prepared for her besotted neutrality in the affairs of the East. We ask Prince Metternich's pardon, but we thought him sufficiently well informed on what the merest tyro in diplomacy looks upon as his a, b, c; namely, that it is the vital interest of Austria, to preserve Turkey as a stay against the encroachments of Russia. Will the policy of principles prevail again at Vienna over that of interests? Will Austria, allured by the charm of some miserable portions of territory, that may be thrown to her in the *carée* of the Turkish empire—will she close her

eyes to the danger of being *turned* in the South and East by Russia, and to have in her rear that natural enemy whom she should always look boldly in the face?

There can be no doubt that the late affair at Frankfort will prove a fortunate event for the Autocrat. Only let Austria and Prussia have once their attention concentrated upon Germany, and as far as those two powers are concerned, he will have it all his own way on the Bosphorus. We strongly suspect too, that the Russian police had some hand in this matter; nay, to go farther—was the motive principle of an *emeute* that came so "*apropos*" to give a prospect for the East to Russia, and one for Frankfort to the garrison of Mayence, who were aware before-hand of the very hour their presence would be necessary? The sweets of the Austro-Prussian occupation are already felt in their full force in that free city. Nothing is heard but the insolent "*ner-da*" of the Hungarian grenadiers, or Prussian *uhlons*; but what to the Germans must prove an intolerable tyranny, is the ordonnance, forbidding any person to pass a sentinel with a lighted pipe. Will they stand this? If so, they will stand any thing. Is there not one among them, who, in the language of Beranger, will exclaim,—

"Peuples—

Formez une Sainte Alliance et donnez vous la main!"

The consummate sagacity of Russian diplomacy has not on this occasion belied itself; but on the other hand, the conduct of Metternich is unaccountable. Terrified by a mere phantom of liberal opinions, artfully conjured up by Russia, we find him moving the armies of Austria upon the Tyrol and the Voralberg, when they should be concentrating upon the Turkish frontier; while Prussia, with equal fatuity, is occupied with the re-organization of her universities—the hot-bed, as she thinks, of revolutionary principles.

On what part of the continent of Europe can the gaze of the political philosopher rest with feelings of satisfaction? On every side, he sees a conflict of interests and principles—strife and debate. But there is one country whose fate is nearly forgotten; looked upon as a worn out tradition, beautiful even in her desolation—that country is Italy.

"L'antica regina del universo."

In the dominions of the King of Sardinia, a conspiracy with the most extensive ramifications has been discovered; but these partial movements rivet more firmly the chains of her oppressors; it is only on a general and united effort, that the star of freedom will rise on her benighted soil. But divided as she is by intrigue, prejudices, and territorial interests, the centralization of Italy under one government is a political Utopia. As it has ever been, her fate to the end of the chapter will, we fear, be, in the language of her own Felecaja,

"Pugnar col braccio di Straniere gente  
Per servir sempre o venatrice o venta."

And now for Greece—a kingdom engendered by European

diplomacy, and protected as it were by three powers, or rather by three distinct interests. The Greek people have risen victorious from a bloody struggle that created the sympathy of the civilized world; but this victory has been dearly purchased. A soil strewn with ruins—nearly a whole generation exterminated!—such are the results of a war prolonged beyond measure by the egotism of European diplomacy. In fact, there no longer remains but the skeleton of a nation—independent it is true, but without laws, without government, without administration, without every thing, in fact, but arms, still reeking, and which her citizens have, as is too often the case, drawn in the service of anarchy after having made so noble a use of them against tyranny. First, a kind of government at once permanent and provisional was formed, at the head of which was placed a Greek who had become a Russian—an ingenious combination, destined to nationalize the bastinado under which it was intended to curb that haughty and independent population. Such was, in fact, the administration of Capo d'Istria. Force kept down the turbulent spirit of the Palikari; but under this European Pacha, nothing changed, nothing prospered, and soon the president himself fell a victim to his own despotism. Now, a new arrangement is tried. We shall not examine the strangeness of that conception that sends to reign at Athens, over the soldiers of Canaris and Colocotroni, a German child, who possessed no other titles to his crown than some insipid odes written by his father in favour of the cause of Greece. We shall confine ourselves solely to point out the consequences of this choice to the two constitutional governments, parties in the arrangement, which has thus delivered over to the despotic powers of the continent the new throne and its regency—an enormous fault, which the affairs of the East have gloriously brought to light: for it is necessary to understand, that in the present situation of the Ottoman Porte, the Greek question presents itself under a new aspect. Connected, as she now is, with the great interests of the balance of power among the states of Europe, it is no longer a philanthropical, but a political question, aye, and one of the first magnitude; for at the moment when we see Russia assuming over the Turkish empire a protectorate pregnant with danger to the whole of Europe, at a moment when the last bonds of our ancient alliance with Turkey are severed, it behoves this government in particular to have an eye on Greece. She is, we admit, nothing as yet; but with the frontier that has been given to her by the last treaty, she may become something, and she is in fact in the actual negotiations in an important diplomatic position. To withdraw from her affairs—to throw away all ulterior influence upon the political direction of her government, will be to add to a fault already committed one still more glaring.

As a European question, what is now passing at Constantinople must arrest the attention of every observer. For our part, when we heard that an accommodation had been brought about between the Sultan and the Egyptian Pacha, we placed no reliance on the news—the conditions of the treaty being in too direct opposition to the views of Russia to give it even the shadow of probability. The



flames of war in the East are again kindled. Ibrahim is unintimidated by the presence of the Russians at Scutari, and the Sultan has recovered that blind confidence that he displayed when he reviewed his army that found a grave at Konish. The Porte, it is now evident, has only been negotiating to gain time, while Pozzo di Borgo in the west, with his usual ability, has cajoled both Lord Palmerston and the Duc de Broglie. When there was still time to have seized the initiative, we closed our eyes upon the ambition of Russia. Now, mistress of the Dardanelles, she may interdict our entry whenever she pleases. The Turco-Egyptian question appears further from its solution than ever, thanks to our diplomacy: force will henceforth decide it; and who can say what nations may be arrayed upon this vast field of battle, when victory cannot regulate the destinies of Asia without having a mighty influence upon those of Europe?

The campaign about to open will be the theatre of great events. Ibrahim occupies Anatolia with an army of 60,000 men: the whole population, Christian as well as Mussulman, have declared in his favour. His name alone took Smyrna; and the Egyptian fleet, manned by good sailors, and directed by good European officers, will not fear to try their strength with the clumsy ships of the Black Sea. This fleet keeps up his communications with Egypt, where the Vice King has a powerful force in reserve.

The preparations of Russia, on the other hand, sufficiently indicate how clearly she understands all the importance of the struggle; 15,000 men occupy an entrenched camp at Scutari; a new corps d'armée has just been embarked at Odessa; and the corps, traversing the principalities, would reach Constantinople early in May. Thus she prepares for war with the same vigour as if she were making it on her own account. Paskiewitch, celebrated for his successes against the Persians, has traced the plan of campaign; and Count Orloff has been selected to carry it into execution, in his double capacity of Generalissimo and Ambassador-extraordinary. The Muscovites are not only at Constantinople, but masters of all the most important points of the empire, of the Balkan and the Dardanelles. The Sultan exists but by their permission; and the commerce of Europe with the East, is now at the mercy of a Hetman of Cossacks.

When we recollect the bloody wars formerly waged by the maritime powers of Europe for the monopoly of pepper or of the Newfoundland fisheries, is it not astonishing that two powers like England and France should not seek to arrest the onward roll of the tide of Russian ambition that threatens to swallow up every power in Europe? Since 1815 she has extended herself, in the north, beyond the Vistula, and in the east to the mouth of the Danube. The late war with Persia added several provinces to her empire; her armies and her establishments already envelop the Black Sea; the Sultan has delivered to her the keys of the Dardanelles; she has given a king to Greece; and we may at this rate shortly expect to see her flag waving before Malta and Gibraltar, or to hear a wild Tartar hurrah under the walls of Fort George!



## BELLES LETTRES EXTRAORDINARY.

"Heaven first sent letters to some wretch's aid."

POPE.

THE correspondence of eminent persons has been always a subject of interest to the world. There are traits of individuality in the "*abandon*" of a letter which pourtray the character of the writer a thousand times more forcibly than the wordy, elaborate detail of the biographer, the intimate friend, or even the original of the sketch when he attempts to describe himself. The observer imparts only the idea which he has conceived, modified by his own peculiar manner of viewing and judging; the man who endeavours to draw his own moral likeness has a more difficult task even than the painter who essays a physical auto-representation; like the latter, he can never divest himself of the idea that he is sitting for his picture—forgetfulness of his occupation is impossible—he gives a portrait at full length, but, as the heralds say, "with a difference." The "*alter ego*" is a very distinct personage from the original; in stature, in colouring, in all the more salient characteristics, the resemblance is complete; but looking on it, we say with fat Sir John, "What care I for the thewes and sinews of a man: give me the spirit, Master Shallow!" So fares it with him who sits up to reflect his own image upon paper; and whereas the artist is bound in justice to his skill to note down any little blemish or defect in feature or in form, so the moral painter must in many instances either give himself pain when he dwells on any little foible or irregularity known only to himself, or trusting to that knowledge, become unfaithful to his purpose, and slur over those points which, united, form a chief part of the individual's characteristics.

But in letter-writing this conclusion is forgotten; we are animated by our theme,—we address ourselves in confidence to a friend, a mistress or a relative, with greater sincerity than we apply to our own cross-examination; we have no little concealment to make,—the world is never to be the wiser for the communication,—the secret subsists only between man and man,—we give and take in mutual correspondence, careless of the consequence, for it is rarely apprehended. But when once a suspicion arises that our letters may probably some day be brought to light, when eminence in any particular department has rendered our names attractive to the public, the very consciousness of our anticipated re-appearance puts us upon our guard, and we labour then to be natural, easy, witty or profound, with much of the success which generally attends the efforts of an amateur actor who exchanges his amusement for a profession. That some men have greater aptitude for the "*style epistolaire*" than others is of course too obvious to be mentioned; the *metier* is theirs as exclusively as the possession and exercise of any other faculty or talent; but the point for which I contend is, that in the letters of almost all who write, there may generally be found much that is amusing, instructive, or characteristic, which is vainly sought for elsewhere.

From this number I would except a Frenchman of my acquaintance, who, without possessing a single requisite to form the reputation of a letter-writer, imagined himself a second St. Preux; but forgetting that his vanity was shown to be stronger than his love, *numbered every letter* which he wrote to his mistress! intending them perhaps as a graduated reference to his passion—a sort of numerical thermometer of the heart. “*Ah, mon Dieu, comme cela m’ennuie!*” exclaimed Madame de P— one day to her cousin Ernestine, “*il ne finira jamais—ce pauvre Victor! il est maintenant au 32° et veut absolument me rappeler le 12°.*” He says—‘The passion so ardently expressed in No. 19 was but a faint image of that which filled my soul in 28.’ ‘The despair of 30 can only be equalled by the sufferings I endured in writing No. 10.’ When he gets up to ninety,” added she, “I shall send his letters to the lottery-office, and let them compile a new scale of fortunate numbers from the complexion of each.” Victor’s mistress never kept her threat; she had amassed about half the number when a friend made her a present of a beautiful poodle; her lover’s billets, written on “*papier rose, doré,*” made admirable papillottes for Fanchon; Victor caressed the dog one morning before its toilette was made—he recognized his own handwriting, renounced his mistress, forswore the art which chafed old Archibald Douglas, and the French revolution happening most opportunely, he became one of the “*braves de Juillet.*”

I have been led to make the remarks on letter-writing which preceded this anecdote from having accidentally discovered among my papers a few specimens of the correspondence of various persons, which were given me at different periods, as remarkable either for defiance of orthography, of sense, or for some other absurdity. The greater part of them are the unbiassed emanations of people in humble life; the poetry and biography of this class have latterly been thought worthy of record, and I see no reason why their correspondence also should remain unedited.\* They are also perfectly genuine;—no liberty of amendment has been permitted; the critical pen of the corrector has not been suffered to emasculate the energy of the rude original. We could easily prove their authenticity, but to decipher the autograph would be a task too laborious for general readers; we therefore prefer giving a faithful transcript to reproducing the Persepolitan character in which they are curiously carved. Like the chivalry of old, whose calligraphic attempts resembled sword-blades and spear-heads rather than the round monastic penmanship of the cloister, the formation of the letters in these M.S.S. bears a closer affinity to the instruments of field-labour or housewifery employment,—the coulter of ploughs and darning-needles,—than to the recondite skill so highly lauded by Mr. Vyse in his spelling-book, where “the plastic pen” is made the subject of immortal verse.†

\* Vide Quarterly Review—passim.

† I like to quote from high authority, following in this respect the example of a modern poetess, who, in the notes to one of her poems, informs us that she met with a passage relating to an eastern monarch—where think you?—not in d’Herbelot, Pococke, Sale, Hyde, Niebuhr, or any other orientalist—but in *Mavor’s English Grammar!* a work of reference so valuable, that it is pity she did not oftener avail herself of its concealed treasures.

The first letter which I shall offer to the reader, is that of a lady, who deserves to be introduced by a motto from Casti :

“ Altre udirete poi, che scritte e dette  
Non furon pria nè in verso mai, nè in prosa,  
E tutto con candor, con libertà,  
E con la natural semplicità.”—(NOVELLE.)

Here is the forlorn fair one's simple and *unaltered* epistle :—

Bath. July. Satterday July  
5th 1816.

“ Dear Maddam,

aving ONFORTUNITLY Left your Service as I Latley Perseve throw A desetful Man that you so Hoften ave cotioned me A But Who I Blevé Whod ave runned my Sole and Boddy Both and I mit Be Thankful to God that I am Parted from him and as my Bible tells me I Blevé that all thing Works together For good to them that Lov God Dear Maddam I ave taken the key of the carrag Blinds throw a innosent mistake and I ave Sent it to you and ave take the Libbery to rit those fue Lines to you and I hope it will not be offensive to you or to my master I did wish much to see you Maddam Befor I Let yor service But I did not take the Libberty to ask for you Maddam had I taken your advice I mit ave don Better But Little did I think I had a Snake in my Bosom Maddam I am your and your Fambleys Most Obedient and Most Humble Servant

Francis Bulley.

To Mrs ———

B — House near C —  
Wilts. ———

What a feeling of melancholy steals over our minds as we peruse the letter of Frances Bulley ! We picture to ourselves a young and tender girl, of ardent mind and susceptible imagination,—the victim of disappointed affection, the slave of a sensibility too easily awakened. With regard to the perjured lover, we have nothing but conjecture to guide us in endeavouring to ascertain the station of this Wiltshire Theseus ; he was one of those probably, who, as the clown says, “haunt fairs and wakes,” dressed in holiday garb, with honeyed words to beguile, and a nosegay in his button-hole. Perchance his condition might have resembled hers—a captivating groom perhaps—or it may be, an insinuating Valley de *Sham*—the last most likely, for there is no truth in any of them. But consolation was not entirely reft from the maiden—there was still Balm in Gilead—she discovered the key of the “carrag blinds.” The letter—we speak in earnest—is at once simple and touching.

We now come to an epistle which opens in a formidable manner. I imagined at first that it was intended for Mr. Cross or Mr. Vigors, but on referring to the superscription I found it addressed to a gentleman, whose name, I presume, is mis-spelt, unless it be another alias of the gentleman in black, or grey, or other “trumpery,” whom the Germans delight so to honour. It was as follows :—“To Mr. HELL Clothier Combeford Ner Cann Wilts.”

The opening is fine—we can imagine the crowned Queen Cybele sending her regal messengers to prepare her way !

March the ye 20. 18019. —

Sir, I have send you these *Lions* to Let you no, that I have got you a mill-man For you If you dos think proper and he his a good Sarvent as aney won



in the Countrey he have worked at one ples for fortie years a good Carecter from his master at Mr Eveartt he his a soled sobur onnist man and a good millman this man dos leves at Crocketton His nem is Solaman michell my *Kekmenaistron*\* Edward Miles your humbel sarvent.

he have no *famely* But a *wiff*."

Thrice happy Mr. Edward Miles, who could consider a helpmate so lightly! What a grace, "beyond the reach of art," is contained in the forcible language of the above, unfettered by the pedant's rules, untrammelled by the ties of punctuation! See how steadily he proceeds to his goal in one vast Alexandrine stride; there are no flourishes of rhetoric to turn aside the attention—no ambiguous periphrasis to bewilder the mind, save at the climax of the letter, where its position is most appropriate. Let us hope that he attained the object of his desires.

We will now ascend a little higher in the scale. The following letter is the production of an emigrant French priest, and was addressed to the late Earl C———. Having no longer a cure of souls, the churchman seemed anxious to become a "body curer" instead—a compound of Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius.

Asmansworth, Novr. 22th 1814.

"My Lord,

Mr. Jolly, french priest. Tooke the liberty, and the Honour, to Informe your Lordship; if his Lordship Desire to be cure'd By the Poison's of the Gout, he will Give to his Lordship, the Recept of it; and the Roule who is to fallow, and his Lordship *Shall* be cure'd Radically Before Long-time, and if his Lordship Got the Gout in his Marrow Bone† he shall be cure'd if his Lordship will fallow Mr. Jolly Roule &c.

Mr. Jolly will oblige Any time his Lordship, with great Care and attention."

To the Hon Earl C———

I am afraid the "*Jolly Rule*" would hardly answer for a gouty patient—I should be inclined to have more faith in the *etcetera*. Perhaps Mr. Jolly had an opportunity the following year of recommending his prescription to his own monarch, Louis Dixhuit—and who knows?—such mutations were then common—he may probably have figured as a Bishop and a Minister of Public Instruction.‡

Let us return to the plains of Arcady, to the classical downs of Wiltshire, famed as the retreat of poets and men of letters! The author of the following precious document, bears a name already illustrious, with a slight orthographical difference, in the highest range of our national poesy;—and under the same name, several of

\* This learned Theban knew the value of a hard word when he threw in this bit of *Greek*; perhaps it may be thought by some to be symbolical of "commendation." I however prefer the original Hellenic.

† Verbatim.

‡ The occupations followed by the emigrée Noblesse were, many of them, abandoned with reluctance. I remember a little Marquis, one of the old school, of ancient title, and quite the beau of the fauxbourg St. Germain, who declared that the happiest period of his existence was when he retailed snuff in a small shop in Gracechurch Street! It was a favourite anecdote of his when offering a prise de tabac from his enamelled box, painted by Petitot.



our first statesmen have become celebrated. Let us see how *high* JACOB SPENCER sustains this lofty reputation.

"To Mr. ——— Mamsbury.

Octr. 17.—Sor I Spencer Have send

My man this marnen with the sum of 8 poun  
And ei will com over an Pay the Balons  
At Gret morkat nex on Satred nast  
I was out that I had no one two send  
Els I shud send yall the money and yoll Pleas  
Two send that Bear that bear that I order  
For by your Man Las weak you Pleas send the  
Day at quick as pesabel I remain yours

Jacob Spencer."

Our friend Jacob is evidently a descendant of the poet Edmund: every one of his lines begins with a capital, and is *therefore* clearly intended for verse. It is true there is neither rhyme nor rhythm—but it bears so close an affinity to much of the *blank* verse of the present day, that I should be loath to reject it on that account. We may observe one thing in the intimate correspondence of these worthies:—like the citizen of Angiers, they "talk as familiarly of roaring lions, as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs;"—already we have had an epistle commencing with "Lions," and here we encounter another concluding with a *reiterated* demand for a Bear!

"That bear,—that bear!" But notwithstanding the *ursine* character in which the request is conveyed, we have a shrewd suspicion that like the blessed animal of the Baron of Bradwardine, it has a nearer reference to yeomanly potation, than to the nature of the hirsute prowler of the Polar regions. Mr. Jacob Spencer has evidently been guided in his orthography by the illustrious example of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, who recommends water for her maids in preference to "bear," as it will keep them "more cool and tamperit"—but there

"I doubt all likeness ends between the pair,"

as the aforesaid Jacob is so urgent to procure the liquor as quick as "*pesabel*."

The next letter is one which, for variety of incident, terseness of description, and graphic powers of illustration, is worthy of being kept on record. There is a sweeping, military, despatch-like mode of expression; a happy and clearly-defined combination of ideas, which are rarely met with.

"Dear Uncle Ant I send these few lines hoping to to find you in good health as it leaves all us a press *Ann* thank god for it your Sister *Ann* Brothers are all very well *Ann* Granmother have not been well but she is very well now *ann* Granfather *ann* Granmother gives their kind to you both *Ann* we believe your Brother John is going to be married for they are both going to leave there places at May *Ann* father is making a new clockcase for him again May *Ann* uncle Thomas's wife as bin married before *Ann* Sprag's wife is dead *ann* molly wat kins husband is dead *Ann* you forgot to send me word whether you did receive the apples *Ann* note *Ann* my mother thinks to put me to be a wat

chmaker this summer *ann* it is likely to be a very plentious year of syder *ann* every thing *ann* we shall be very glad to see you Both down in the country this summer *ann* father and mother their kind love to you both *ann* like wise myself *ann* no more at pressant from your well wisher ANN SETTERRA M. R. C. S."

Doubtless this comes from some Michael Robert Caleb Smith! And yet he boldly writes himself down a woman, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, to boot. Scorning the abridgment &c., he amplifies the crotchet into "ANN SETTERRA." How perfectly Shakspearian are the transitions from grave to gay;—the decease of the beloved of Sprags—the doom of the husband of Molly Watkins—and the inquiry if the apples were received safe, must recal to every one's mind the philosophising commentary of Justice Shallow, and the pertinent question which succeeds it—"And is old Double dead! How are a score of ewes now?"

The writer of the last letter which I shall select, was, in 1825, Bishop of St. Jago at Valparaiso, and may perhaps be so still. His Majesty's frigate —, having touched there on her way home from an expedition, the pious Bishop requested one of the officers of the ship to be the bearer of a letter which he had written to the Earl of Derby, but which, though it reached England, was never forwarded to his lordship. When we consider the subject, and the station and calling of the writer, we shall be somewhat inclined to compare the South American prelate with Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, Chaucer's Abbot, and other worthies of the same stamp, who loved the sound of the horn better than that of the sacristy bell. His ideas of "innocent amusements," are not amiss for a churchman. Of this letter we append the Spanish original.\*

\* My Lord—Honorable Senor; aunq̃. no tengo el honor de conocer a su Senoria personalmente, me tomo la libertad de escribirle y pr. esta suplicarle a V.S. indulgencia de la franquesa. La fama de la cria de Gallos que tiene su Senoria pa. su *diversion*, alcanso a esta remoto rincon del globo. Siendo yo uno de los mas afincados a esta *inocente diversion*, me tome la libertad de suplicar a V. S. tengar la condecendencia de remitirme quatro Gallos, y quatro Gallinas, q̃. sean de un ano q̃do. mas, que me parace q̃. con este numero de paxaros seran bastantes pa. propagar la cria in este Pais, y hacientes ver a mis compatriotes la superioridad q̃. por en los gallos de S. S. a los de aia, y demas partes del Mundo. Si su Senoria me hace este honor, yo me obligo gustoso a pagar todos los gastos de conduccion y cuidado flete &c. hasta este Puerto. Asi mismo suplico a su Senoria se mande hacer un gallinero ô caxon con sus divisionas pa. q̃. cada Gallo tengo separado con su Gallina, que creo sara el mejor modo de q̃. lleguen sin estropearse. Pues siendo su Senoria aficionado y mas inteligente come lo supongo, conoscere q̃. estas aves son tan fieras q̃. solo asi podran venir sin que se maten unos a otros. Espero q̃. Su Senoria me dispensara esta confianza; y q̃. en ritorno, aceptera los respetos de mi consideracion, y obsequencia, pr. soi el primero y mas amante de la gran nacion Inglesa y de Su Senoria muy apasionado, pr. las noticias que tengo de su sublime caracter. Tengo el honor de ofrecer a su Senoria con la sumicion de vida mi inutilidad, y los sentimientos de la mas distinguada consideracion, siendo su obediente y humilde Servidor y Capellan.

Y. B. L. M. de S. S.

Fray Ramon Alvarez,  
&c. &c. &c.

Valparaiso, Decemb<sup>e</sup>. 1<sup>o</sup>. 1825.

My Lord,—Honorable Senor ;—although I have not the honor of knowing your lordship personally, I take the liberty of writing to you, and have to beg your lordship's indulgence and consideration. The fame of the breed of cocks which your lordship keeps for your pleasure, has reached even this remote quarter of the globe. Being one of the most passionately attached to this *innocent amusement*, I take the liberty of requesting your lordship to have the kindness to send out to me four cocks and four hens, not more than a year old, as it appears to me that this number will be a sufficient stock to propagate the breed in this country, and show my countrymen how far superior your lordship's cocks are to those of this and all other parts of the world. If your lordship will honour me so far, I undertake with pleasure to pay all the expenses of the freight and passage, &c. to this port. At the same time, I beg your lordship to forward with them a hen-coop or chest properly divided, that each cock may be kept separate with his own hen, which I think will be the best means of sending them without risk. For with your lordship's judgment, and the interest you take in these matters, you are doubtless aware that these birds are so fierce, that were they kept all together, they would inevitably disable each other. I trust your lordship will indulge me with this favour, and in return will accept the assurance of my high consideration and respect, as I am the most devoted admirer of the great English nation, and of your lordship, whose sublime character I have learnt to revere. I have the honour to offer to your lordship with great humility my own poor services, and with sentiments of the most distinguished consideration, I am your obedient and humble Servant and Chaplain.

I kiss your Lordship's hands,

Fray Ramon Alvarez,

Capellan Maior del Conv<sup>o</sup>.

de la Merced del Almendral  
del Puerto de Valp<sup>o</sup>.

Al Honorable Senor,  
Conde de Derby,  
&c. &c. &c.  
Londres.

I am no connoisseur in matters pertaining to cock-fighting, nor am I aware that the Earl of Derby was ever the proprietor of an establishment of cocks. I imagine that the mitred amateur must have mistaken *the place* where the nearly exploded custom is principally kept up, for the peer himself ; or perhaps,—as midshipmen on foreign stations have little dread of Catholic dignitaries, and would hoax a bishop as readily as a curate,—the imposition originated in the *Cock-pit* of H. M. ship B———, and the reverend cock-fancier fell into the snare. This intercepted letter however never reached his lordship ; but should he now become aware of its tenor—as the secretaryship of the Colonies is at present filled by his grandson—the difficulties of transmitting these pugnacious birds will be considerably diminished, and the Bishop of St. Jago may yet add to the *sublimity* of his *own* character, by fighting a main in full pontificals.

#### NOTE.

Our contributor's article has reminded us of a little protocol that has long been enshrined in our archives : we must introduce it with a preamble.

A young man, once the articulated pupil of an artist, employed by government, after—to adopt a vulgarism, “ he had buried his first wife,” and obtained *extensive employment, in that branch of THE FINE ARTS which he professed, under government himself*, on receiving wedding favours from a daughter of his former

master and her bridegroom, with whom he was intimate, sent the latter the following well-meant congratulatory epistle.—(ED.)

“ My Dear Joseph.

Friday Morning.

*Nothing could have given me so exquisite a treat as the sight of your wife's CAKE.* Something was whispered, but when I met you on Monday I had no idea *that you were the individual CONCERNED!* I congratulate you most *involuntarily*, on your *cannibal* career of judicious matrimony—for in Fanny you possess a gem of the purest water—I speak from *ocular* experience, having long been her paternal father's *sole PUPIL*—I may even say the apple of his eye. So pure do her beams of virtue shine, that not even the scandalous tongue of slander cannot *propagate*—no—not one unvirtuous tale against her—*FOR—envy like a sore eye is only troubled by that which is bright!* I shall conclude by subscribing myself *your true friend*, and *therefore*, most sincerely wishing that you may live together, *until life shall become irksome to you both!* Your's affectionately,” &c. &c.

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### LAY OF THE HIRELING LEADER.

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I COME with a fame-forcing sword,  
Which many a life hath sped,  
Of a triumphant troop the Lord,  
Mid death and danger bred—  
Careering in my banner's track,  
Half reckless if it waves  
O'er harried holds, mid spoil and sack,  
Or their own bloody graves.

Who prates of native clime and king,  
And duty's sacred call?

*My* kingless land lies withering  
Beneath a foreign thrall.

I cannot save her—and to share  
Her bonds my soul disdains—  
Cowards may live and languish there,  
The heritors of chains.

I know my requiem must be  
The curses of my kind,—

I know, in foulest infamy  
My memory must be shrined.

Gramercy! that the sting of shame  
Is powerless in the tomb;—

Gramercy! that no flashing fame  
Can light the charnel's gloom!

Then welcome to my banner sheen—  
My roan of polished jet—

And, more than all, my falchion keen,  
That never failed me yet!

And welcome to the storm—the strife,  
The slaughter and the spoil,

Till, at one bound, my fiery life  
Escape from mortal coil!

W. G. A.



## A DAY OF ENJOYMENT.

LATE in the month of September, 183—, I was kindly and pressingly invited by my old and worthy friend A—, to make one of a party that had for many successive years, on the first day of each October, honoured his woods by killing a reasonable quantity of his pheasants. I had never been where they were plentiful, and fancying myself a pretty good shot, I chuckled not a little at the execution my double barrel (which was, of course,—as whose is not?—the best gun in England) was likely to make among my friend's long-tails. I planned the whole day, anticipated every shot, had a panoramic view of my start in the morning, my success in and out of cover, of bagging at least six brace, of lunching upon dry cheese, brown bread, and sour beer, and enjoying these as luxuries at the woodlooker's cottage (my friend did not aspire to a keeper); of sallying forth a second time, and causing the dinner to wait a good half hour for my august presence. When it was time to depart, I saw three brace and a half of the sacrificed birds safely deposited in the gig, all of which I had pre-engaged for particular friends in town. I felt the hearty hand of my jovial host squeezing mine, and heard the noisy "Good night, Jack! good night! we shall see you again at Hockitt's Wood before the season's out." In short, after spending a glorious day, I got safely home. All these things, or something very like them, I read in my mind's eye.

The 29th of September arrived, and with it a note from an old uncle on the borders of Essex, informing me that my cousin Ned was to be one of the party at Hockitt's on the 1st; and as I was going, and my gig might as well carry two as one, he advised that I should immediately drive down to his own farm, which was only eight miles from the scene of my hopes, where I might take a few hours' practice among his own coveys the next day, and lessen the distance I had to travel on the following morning. At any other time, an invitation from my uncle would have been hailed with delight, and the idea of his coveys rising thickly and topping the bright yellow stubble, would have begotten a corresponding flutter in my own breast; but I know not how it was, I could not account for the disappointment; I felt it was a disappointment, at least an interruption, and for a moment I was vexed. I had made up my mind to one grand day, and did not like the intervention of this new day's amusement; besides which, my gun had just undergone a very scientific cleansing by the maker; Cato and Don were fresh, and would evidently suffer from this previous day's use:—however, the same evening found me comfortably seated in the little back parlour at Crombie Farm. After a good night's rest, I journeyed forth with Ned in the morning. It is needless to recount the various scenes of the day; it is sufficient that we returned home satisfied with our sport, and immediately set to work to prepare for the coming morn. I managed to leave my gun in *rather* a slovenly condition, for I was

rather tired, and felt slightly annoyed, as I sat down to dinner, that my gear was not in the apple-pie order it would have been in, had I started direct from town.

After supping too heartily upon dry, hard hung-beef, and drinking more than was prudent of my uncle's sour ale (forgive me, uncle, but thy beer *is* sour!) in conjunction with a very small portion of whiskey punch, I went to bed slightly discomposed. I had a frightful dream. I fancied the morning to have arrived; that I was already on the road to Hockitt's, when my progress was arrested by the appearance of a little, lean, ugly old woman, who in a croaking voice asked for alms. I felt for my purse; it was gone! I had not even a halfpenny to give. She muttered a low curse as I rode on; and the next moment my distempered imagination placed me at the cover side. I was alone there; the pheasants rose and chattered at me with a fiendish laugh. I attempted in vain to shoot them; I fired fifty, nay an hundred times, without effect, and my gun seemed loaded each time by a supernatural agency. I determined on ascertaining the cause, by drawing the charge. I did so, and found, instead of shot, molten gold, with the purest brimstone I ever beheld in the place of powder. I looked to my flask and belt, and saw Hall's own unrivalled grain, with the same No. 4 patent shot I remembered to have got in readiness the night before. With these articles I re-loaded one barrel. As I was doing this, the screaming and chattering of the birds increased almost to stunning; thousands crossed me in all directions; I fired at random. There was a momentary cessation of noise, and then, with one tremendous shriek, the flight betook themselves to the woods, all save one, which, as it fluttered down and fell about an hundred yards from me, I perceived was a beautiful hen bird, as white as driven snow! I approached nearer to pick it up, when, instead of the head of a pheasant, I saw the face in miniature of a most lovely female. The bird was smaller than usual, and the head, which was perfectly human, corresponded in size with the body; thus it was a pheasant in all but the head. A momentary thought of the ignorance of the Zoological Society flashed across me, and the wonder this rare bird would excite if presented to them. I was standing with my right hand on the muzzle of my gun, when suddenly I heard a wild hollow laugh, and—

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed the ugly old woman; "Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the little white pheasant. I awoke, and "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the boisterous voice of my cousin Ned, immediately under my window. I sprang out of bed and threw up the sash. It was daylight; and there stood Ned, still laughing, and pointing to his gun, which was smoking from a recent discharge. "I thought," said he, "a little powder would do it. I knocked at your door till I was tired, and so hit upon this plan." "But, Ned," I asked, "have you been shooting all night?" "Certainly not." "Then I have," said I; and promising to be with him in a few minutes, I slammed down the window. As I did this, I felt a numbness in my right hand; I seized it with the other, gazed upon it—it was cold, white, and lifeless; but suddenly a pricking sensation revealed the cause. I had

evidently been lying with it under my head, or in such a position as to stop the free circulation of the blood. Life gradually returned, and it was the same as before. Not so was I; my spirits had received a shock, and I could not rally them. I was unrefreshed by sleep, and dressed slowly, like a culprit for execution, rather than one in the hey-day of youth, who had a bright morning and a brilliant prospect of a day's sport before him. I trod heavily down the stairs; and, as I learnt afterwards, my aunt remarked my leaden step. But for Ned's interference (who wondered at my apathy), I should have taken my uncle's old flint gun, in lieu of my own percussion double barrel, which had caused me so much anxiety the evening before.

We were hospitably received by our friend A——, and after discussing a hasty breakfast, at which Ned was a better performer than I, we started for the woods, which were two miles distant. On turning the sharp angle of a lane, my attention was roused by the figure of an old woman, certainly nothing like the personage in my dream, but my blood curdled as her eye met mine. Dropping a curtsey with a supplicating look, she presented her lean withered hand, but said nothing. I thrust my own hastily into my pocket, and desired Ned to stop; he said we were behind time enough already, and he wouldn't stop for all the beggars in Christendom; I implored him, he laughed and drove on; I seized the reins and pulling the horse almost on his haunches, leaped out, and ran back to the spot. She was gone! I called, but received no answer. I peeped over each hedge, she was not to be seen; I pondered a moment, was vexed with myself, and laughed at my own superstition. I returned slowly to the gig with a puzzled look, which Ned (no dealer in physiognomy at any time) did not attempt to expound. He growled something about "more old women than one," and shortly after we arrived at Hockitt's.

Our party consisted of eight. It was settled that, to beat the covers thoroughly, six should go inside with the dogs and beaters, while two remained out. I was an outsider for the day, and consequently got very little shooting. Twelve o'clock arrived, and I had not killed a bird. I was leaning on a gate at the corner of a small cover, when I heard bang! bang! bang! inside, and then the well-known cry of 'Mark!' which proved that the bird, a hen, was still on the wing. She flew at a considerable height over my head, and when she had cleared the trees, I fired; she fell—it was the longest shot I ever saw. My dream still clung to me, and I walked up doubtfully towards her: but she was not a white pheasant, nor a pied pheasant, nor different in the least from a dozen other pheasants I had seen killed in the course of the day. I obtained no other shot.

While on our return to friend A——'s, we had not proceeded far when Ned suddenly pulled up, and whispered me, there was a pheasant just through the gap, not three yards from us. Without making him any answer, I cautiously loaded one barrel, and got through the hedge, but as I sprang into the field the bird rose a hundred yards before me. Of course it was useless to fire: I was back again in an instant; but in the short interval two of our friends had overtaken us,



and the lane being narrow, were waiting till we should proceed. The presence of two horses prevented my discharging the gun, while the eagerness of three bipeds to assail friend A——'s eatables, effectually put a stop to my withdrawing the charge; so I popped the hammer down, jumped into the gig, and away we went. At the identical angle of the lane, where I had seen in her the morning, stood the little old woman. "I am determined I will not be baulked this time," said I; and recollecting there was a shilling in the cushion pocket of the gig, I turned quickly to get it, when my right hand coming in contact with the muzzle of the gun, the same instant it exploded, and my hand was blown to atoms. "God of heaven!" cried I, "what have I done?" but it was the only exclamation I made. In a moment I was calm; in a moment I was resigned; and in one little moment I knew the worst. On being conveyed to a surgeon's, immediate amputation was found necessary, and it was a relief to my friendly operator, that I felt as much aware of the necessity as himself. In a short half hour I had lost my dearest limb: but I have said I was resigned—I will not therefore attempt to excite those feelings in others, which I felt it my duty to subdue myself.

From the surgeon's I was taken to my friend A——'s. I remembered the pleasure I had promised myself at his hospitable board, and contrasted it with the sorry figure I made above stairs. Instead of asking the lovely Mary A—— to take wine with me, she was administering a cup of thin gruel to me as a patient; instead of the jovial song, the friendly toast, and noisy jollity that I had pictured, all below was silence, sorrow, and sadness—and I the cause! I felt this more than all the rest. At an early hour the guests departed with heavy hearts, and broken was the rest of poor A—— and his household that night.

It would be tedious to recount my gradual return to health, though gratifying to express my sense of the kind care and solicitude with which I was tended at Hockitt's Hall. In a week I was enabled to leave my room; in a fortnight declared well enough to journey home; and in a month became reconciled to my new self, thankful that the reality, though stern, exceeded not the warning of my dream.

J. W.



## THE SWEET BLADE-BONE.

WHEN Charles the Second wished to buy up Andrew Marvell, he sent to the patriot, Lord Danby, the treasurer, with an earnest of the purchase-money. His lordship was the bearer of a thousand guineas, and, having found Marvell at his lodging, a second floor in a court in the Strand, the golden offer was made. Hereupon, we are told, Marvell turned to his servant: "What had I for dinner yesterday?" "A shoulder of mutton, sir." "And what do you allow me to-day?" "Part of it hashed." "And to-morrow, my Lord Danby," said Marvell, "I shall have the sweet blade-bone broiled." His lordship descended the staircase with the thousand guineas, and Andrew Marvell remained unbought.

We are about to preach a sermon on this "sweet blade-bone." The joints of saints—the osseous relics of St. Ursula and her virgins—are as nothing to it: they have been the toys of craft, the instruments of moral tyranny; but in our "blade-bone," there is engraven a lesson of eternal right—it is a sacred thing in the temple of human truth. It is a bone which, in the hand of the moral Sampsons, may slay its tens of thousand of Philistines, lodged, fed, and clothed at the price of their free souls.

How much active iniquity, how much moral degradation hath a contempt of the "sweet blade-bone" brought upon many of the really highest of the earth! Look at Fulgentius: he might have spent an honoured life in the advocacy of truth and goodness; but, then, he could not stomach a sweet blade-bone. He was for his six courses and his choicest wine; what could the blade-bone offer pitted against these? It is true, for a time, he declaimed on its excellence; but then no thousand guineas had been offered to purchase dinners and suppers "in the Apollo." Like a certain monk, who was wont to make his meals off nets, until he became cardinal, when he suddenly found a stomach for the costliest fish—Fulgentius writ eulogies on the blade-bone, until the price of richer viands was tendered him; when the honest shoulder of a sheep became a beggar's dish—the sweet blade-bone a musty mouthful for a pauper. He turned his back on mutton for the rest of his days, and lived and died a well-fed lackey to the wolves that bought him.

Now, we are desirous of being the founders of a literary order—an order that shall embrace in its chapter the really elect and noble of the earth. Emperors, kings, queens, and popes have established their several orders for the especial reward of such who may have pimped, robbed, or murdered—or, indeed, united the three trades—for the glory of them they served; we do not see why, in these days of discriminating justice, the hitherto ignoble army of men, whose battlefield is paper—whose weapons are quills—whose blood is ink—should not have their distinguishing mark of chivalrous service. To this end, we beg to propose that "The Order of the Sweet Blade-bone" be forthwith established for the reward of all present, and for the encouragement of all future, Andrew Marvells, whether located in

garrets in the Strand, in the Fauxbourgs of Paris, in any obscure chink of Madrid or Lisbon, in the dungeons of Austria, or near the bear's den of St. Petersburg. No order, hitherto invented, can vie with the simple greatness, the fine significance of our order of "The Sweet Blade-bone." It is at once a reward and lesson of temperance—there is in it a perpetual homily, a continual exhortation. Now, Edward's Garter hath at times been affixed to the wrong member; instead of being worn on the left leg, between the knee and calf, it might in many instances have served a better turn, had it been lengthened, and fixed about the neck. The Order of St. Patrick has, more than once, belied the imputed acts of the saint, being worn by venomous animals: though the Order of Fools, instituted "in the year 1380, by Adolphus, Duke of Cleves, on the feast of St. Humbert, and consisting of thirty-five knights companions, chosen from among the nobility," may possibly have been awarded with a shrewd eye to the merits of the selected. The Golden Fleece may also have justly fallen to the lot of chivalric flayers—the Spur to gentry willing to post on any errand and on any road. But what are all these orders, and the hundred others of the Swan, the Elephant, the Star, the St. Michael, the Broom Flower, the Death's Head, the Dog and Cock, the Ermine in Naples—all the evanescent modes of distinguishing, nine times out of ten, knaves or fools, panders or dupes—what is the brief existence of all of these compared to the everlasting principle typified by Andrew Marvell's "sweet blade-bone"? The Fleece is shrunk, and has the moth of time devouring its splendour—the Spur is broken, and cankered with rust—the Swan has moulted every feather—the Elephant is but a thing of another day (the mere mammoth of heraldry)—the Star has shot from its sphere—the Broom Flower is withered—all these have passed or are rapidly passing away; but "the sweet blade-bone" is yet among us, as "sweet" as when Andrew, to the confusion of the money-bearing treasurer, first christened it.

Let us, then, consider whether we cannot pick out a brave chapter of this our new order; which shall have one advantage not possessed by all—its number shall be unlimited, nor shall there be any fees paid by any new-made knight soever. The chapter shall also comprise the dead as well as the living. As for the costume, that may be an old or a new cloak—a rusty beaver or a glossy one, as suits the means or disposition of the wearer. We eschew hose of pearl-coloured silk, roses of silver lace, surcoats, mantles of sky-coloured velvet; the only badge required by our knights shall be "a sweet blade-bone." For the Prelate of the Order, we will take rare old Latimer, with his frieze-coat and his Bible, slung by a leathern strap to his button-hole; for the Chancellor, Richard Hooker, or Jeremy Taylor; for the Register of the Blade-Bone, John Milton; for the Blade-Bone, Andrew Marvell himself; for the Black Rod, the wonderful Defoe; for Knights Companions, Algernon Sydney, John Locke, Benjamin Franklin, John Hampden, John Evelyn, Miguel Cervantes, Robert Burns, and twenty others that will start up in the memory of the reader, any six of whom are enough to make the Knights of the Fleece, the Elephant, or the Star, "shine like so

many gilt twopences!" Every other Chapter may fall into oblivion, but the Order of "The Sweet Blade-bone," an order constituted solely to distinguish those who are quickened with the high spirit of him from whom it has emanated, must remain as long as earth has any thing to brag of.

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### ROYAL ACADEMY.

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AMIDST a crowd of insipid portraits and tasteless subjects of all kinds, several sterling works are to be found in this year's collection at Somerset House. WILKIE has two large whole-length portraits, viz. *His Majesty*, and *H.R.H. The Duke of Sussex*. Notwithstanding that these are finely painted pictures, of bold relief and mellow colouring, we regret that so great a painter as WILKIE undoubtedly is, should not leave such unimagined subjects to those who can do nothing beyond them. But we will think of these no more; an extraordinary work by the same artist demands attention. It is 134. *Spanish Monks, a Scene witnessed in a Capuchin Convent at Toledo*. In a silent recess of the convent a young monk is confessing on his knees to a venerable superior. The expression and character of his head are so powerfully depicted, that no aid from language is required to excite the most intense interest: a dreadful story is passing from his lips, which seem quivering with emotion; his remorse of conscience is unequivocal—the recollection of past frailty suffuses his whole countenance—he is a martyr to a vow. All this perturbed expression is brought into close contrast with the elder monk's placid and listening features. Independent of its strong appeal to the imagination, this picture is calculated to astonish and delight the most scrupulous taste, as an example of masterly execution, drawing, and colour.

We are glad to revive our recollection of CALLCOTT. His pictures this year, of which there are six, are equally pure in atmospheric colour, and classic in composition, with his best works. *The Port of Savona, in the Gulf of Genoa*, and *Entrance to Pisa from Leghorn*, are of a most Claude-like sweetness. *The Harvest in the Highlands*, wherein the figures are by LANDSEER, and the landscape by CALLCOTT, is capital. The animated part of the subject is so wedded to the scenery, that the whole seems the result of one mind—a total absence of all tricks of art, and the infusion of an elegant taste throughout, render it as delightful to the eye as a ballad of Burns to the ear.

*A Jack in Office* represents a vulgar, sleek, particularly well-fed dog, appurtenant to the proprietor of a dog's meat barrow, keeping at bay, by his authoritative growl, a troop of hungry lovers of horseflesh; one of whom, a small terrier, is solacing himself by chewing a skewer which has been, at some time or other, inserted among the fibres of a nice piece of meat: the expression of a liver-coloured spaniel is the perfection of a mingled deference and envy. *Deer and Hounds in a Mountain Torrent*. *Sir Walter Scott, seated at the bottom of the Rhymer's Glen*. These three subjects are by EDWIN LANDSEER, and are by no means deficient in the usual graces of his pencil: they are highly finished, and the truth of life is illustrated by an elegance of execution, and tasteful composition. The likeness of Scott is the most characteristic and expressive that we have seen.

*Britomart redeems Fair Amoret*. W. ETTY, R.A. A peculiar composition, rather crowded, but possessing a great deal of redeeming cleverness. The face of the virgin knight is virtuous and handsome.



*Rotterdam Ferry Boat. Bridge of Sighs, Ducal Palace, &c. Venice. Van Tromp returning, after the Battle of the Dogger-bank. Mouth of the Seine.* J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. These pictures are dazzlingly clear and broad in their half-tint and light, but as they are all cabinet pictures, we must object to the laying on of the colour, which is done with no more feeling than a plaisterer might be supposed to possess in daubing a wall. Such painting may produce a temporary surprise in a crowded exhibition, but it is not calculated to effect a permanent delight, or to afford a recurrence of the same gratification. In the *Bridge of Sighs, &c.* a delicious mingling of rich colours into an harmonious whole, reminds one of this extraordinary painter's water-colour drawings, which are undoubtedly more nearly allied to perfection than his oil paintings.

*Hylas and the Nymphs.* W. ETTY, R.A. Hercules has landed with his beautiful boy on the Asiatic coast: the nymphs of a fountain, enamoured of the graceful son of King Thiodamus, are about to plunge with him beneath the surface of the water, to the dismay of the hero of the lion-skin and club, who appears vapouring in the back-ground, like Polyphemus at the opera. The twilight sky, in which the stars are taking their places—the subdued tone of the trees and figures, partake of a poetical character. The passionate action of the females, and half frightened expression of the handsome Hylas, accord well with the nature of the subject. It requires certain classic associations to be able to appreciate this picture, and to divest it of any thing objectionable, which modern taste might cavil with. *The Lute Player*, by the same artist, is rich in varied colours, but there appears a heaviness in the flesh-tint which is far from satisfactory.

*Greek Fugitives; an English Ship sending its Boats to rescue them.* C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A. A very high degree of admiration has been generally excited by this elaborate work of art—and, no doubt, justly so. It does the painter's mind great credit. An elegant fancy, hovering between nature and the antique, has diffused a sweetness and virtue of character over the group which it seems a shame to disturb by criticism; nevertheless, perfect as it appears, we should prefer a little of the rough accidents of life to the smooth and marble-like quality of this picture. The art by which every figure is adjusted, and the sentiment conveyed to the spectator, is not hidden by that sort of genius which dashes down discretion, and takes the fancy by storm. The drawing of the hands and feet is particularly correct and careful, though the outline might be enriched, and more varied in its relief. No accessory has been neglected—the finish almost amounts to the appearance of enamel. Over a group so uniform in its beauty of countenance, of so tender and sweet a character of expression, the violent Turk might be well compared to “an eagle in a dove-cote.”

*The Murder of Rizzio.* W. ALLAN, A. A want of earnestness in the expression renders the whole scene rather like one acted than intensely real. It is, however, animated in action, and effective as regards light and colour. Rizzio's figure is not so well drawn as the others. Mary is too much like a pretty actress, who possesses but a small degree of power over her features.

*Abelard.* G. S. NEWTON. A highly intellectual, and at the same time an amiable character is given to the unfortunate lover of the no less unhappy Eloisa. He is reading a letter: the taste of the painter has subdued the whole colour to a contemplative half-tint.

*Tristram Shandy recovering the Manuscript he had lost* (C. R. LESLIE, R.A.) is painted with an uncommon degree of power. The character of the lady is admirable: the unconcerned expression of the mistress contrasts excellently with Tristram's agitation. We wish she had been prettier.

W. COLLINS, R.A., exhibits three beautifully finished subjects, that in their feeling and simple truth are not inferior to GAINSBOROUGH, viz:—



*Returning from the Haunts of the Sea-fowl—Scene on the Coast of France—and The Stray Kitten.*

MULREADY has one highly-wrought cabinet picture: the subject is a child sailing over a brook in a tub; it is called *The First Voyage*. The father carefully guides the little sailor's quaint bark, and a group of elder brothers and sisters joyfully surrounds him. The figures are beautifully drawn and painted. *Scene at the Festa of the Madonna del Arco*, P. WILLIAMS. This is one of the most tasteful and elegant cabinet pictures in the rooms: the execution is particularly delicate. *Rebecca and Abraham's Servant*, W. HILTON, R.A., is a graceful composition; but it wants novelty of design, and an execution more removed from common-place. WESTALL's *Death of James II.* excites attention by its finish and effect, only to disappoint the taste. Nothing positively offends, yet we are glad to forget that we have seen it.

*Rembrandt in his Painting Room*, A. FRASER, is painted in the manner of the great Dutch painter—as far as *fatness* of touch, mellow colouring, and luminous effect goes. The head of Rembrandt and the black boy are very powerfully wrought; the other figures are poorly executed, and insipid in character. The picture altogether is destitute of *mind*, a quality infinitely more valuable than mere repeated displays of oil and varnish.

In the School of Painting is an extraordinary work by D. M'CLISE; the subject is *All-Hallow Eve in Ireland*. The figures, which are very numerous, consist of the native peasantry of the Emerald Isle, employed in the usual fire-side amusements of All-Hallow Eve. A remarkable degree of vigour is bestowed upon the heads, the characteristics of which are of that peculiar energetic and wild class, which is picturesque at least, though it may lack the attribute of beauty. Among the young females, however, two or three display the utmost loveliness. The principal group in the centre, whereon the greatest breadth of light is cast, is occupied in the humorous pastime of snap-apple: an enormous mouth, containing an enviable set of grinders, prepared for the encounter, is marvellously painted. This picture is so replete with subject and variety of character that it would form an exhibition alone.

*Bribery and Corruption*, C. LANDSEER. A beautifully painted little picture, taken from Old Mortality, where the centinel Halliday is yielding to the influence of the golden key applied by Jenny. The colouring is clear, and the drawing masterly. All the accessories are carefully touched in, and the expression of the countenances is explanatory of the incident. *Martha and Mary*, C. R. LESLIE, R.A. An engraving in one of the Annuals has made us familiar with this composition, which is tasteful and elegant enough, though not exactly in accordance with the severe style of art the greatest masters have adopted in subjects of this nature. STANFIELD has treated the often repeated scene of *Venice from the Dogana* with much skill. The effect is delightful. In the anti-room is *A Scene on the Coast of France*, by the same master, which will amply repay an examination. CONSTABLE's landscapes are not altogether satisfactory; they are painted too sketchy, though always rich and sparkling. WARD has a bold and effective landscape; it is a view of *Beaumont, near Cheshunt*, and several other subjects replete with vigour. *A Village School*, T. WEBSTER, is an entertaining cabinet picture, finely painted, and excellent in its delineation of boyish fun and character. The attention of the pedagogue being absorbed in the contents of a newspaper, that moment of respite from his vigilance is taken advantage of by some mischievous idle urchins, who are playing at scratch-cradle, while certain truants steal in unobserved.

The President, Sir M. A. SHEE, exhibits seven portraits, of which that of *Sir Thomas Denman* is much the best. It is very highly finished, and, to a

certain extent, well coloured. PHILLIPPS is not so happy in his whole length portraits as in those of a Kitcat size; but his heads are always finely painted, and the tone is generally pure in colour. His finest picture this year is the *Portrait of Davies Gilbert, Esq.* The pencil of H. P. BRIGGS, R.A., appears to be wholly devoted to portraiture, in which line of art, however, the ci-devant illustrator of English history has not hitherto taken very high ground. PICKERSGILL, R.A., remains as per last. *The Earl of Eldon*, divested of the dignity of professional costume, *Baron D'Humboldt*, *The Right Hon. the Speaker*, and *Lord Henley*, are among the offspring of his palette. *The Princess Victoria*, by G. HAYTER, M.A.S.L., is the very extreme of weakness and insipidity; neither in colour, drawing, or design, is there the least commendable quality. In the miniature room a large whole-length group, in oil, portraits of the Countess of Lichfield, &c., shew to what extent of absurdity a member of the academy of St. Luke's may be carried. A. E. CHALON, R.A., exhibits several of his slight but elegantly designed portraits of ladies and children, wherein fashion and taste are happily blended. Some of the miniatures of ROBERTSON, Mrs. ROBERTSON, CRUICKSHANK, and DENNING, are perfect specimens of their class. A large drawing of *Hollyhocks*, by V. BARTHOLOMEW, deserves high praise: it is richly coloured, and designed with taste.

Among the Sculpture the most masterly works are the *Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone*, F. CHANTREY, R.A.; *Bust of the Princess Louisa, of Saxe Weimar*, by the same; *A Statue, in marble, of Thomson the Poet*, C. ROSSI, R.A.; *Busts of Dr. Babington*, and *S. Woodburn, Esq.*, H. BEHNES; and *Venus and Cupid*, by GIBSON. Of this last it should be observed, that the fine taste displayed in the form of the limbs and extremities, which are beautifully rounded and voluptuous, without being heavy or ungraceful, is of the highest order of statuary. Venus is turning her head backward to kiss her boy, whose lips are joined to her own in fond delight; their pouting expression is worthy of the divinities presiding over love. These figures are highly polished in more than one sense. *Caius Marius, sitting on the Ruins of Carthage*, E. H. BAILY, is not at all to our taste. There is a want of *gusto* in the design; the figure is clumsily huddled together, nor is the head other than a variation of the Roman busts of Hercules.

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### THE GOOD FELLOW.

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AMONG the French writers who have attained celebrity in the field of novel writing, Paul de Kock stands proudly pre-eminent. He so precisely strikes the chord which harmonizes with the taste of the French public, that his productions have been received with a favour more lasting and general than has fallen to the lot of those of his contemporaries. He is a republican writer, a delineator of what would be termed here, low life. He never soars into the regions of fashion to dazzle and regale his readers with descriptive luxury, or the follies and eccentricities of the world on stilts. He seems quite unconscious of the existence of conventional personages, or that any degree of interest can be attached to any other class, but that which he has specially selected to furnish subjects for his pencil. Paul walks along the crowded thoroughfares of life, jostling and jostled, gleanng materials in every fresh contact with his fellow-men

for his amusing combinations—treasuring up the nice traits and evanescent distinctions which individualize character, and transferring them to paper with a fidelity that leaves nothing to be desired, and a rapidity of execution which is truly surprising. His last work "*Un bon Enfant*," is the history of what is called among us, *A Good Fellow*. Charles Darville, the personification of this character, is the son of a wholesale silk mercer, who died, leaving his widow and son in excellent circumstances. Charles is a most dutiful and sober youth, up to the period when our history commences; when, with the best disposition in the world, he is led into the commission of innumerable follies and absurdities, which reduce him to the utmost distress. The character of Miss Edgeworth's Vivian bears a strong analogy to that of our hero. We first meet with him in an omnibus on his way to dine with his mother, who has invited a select party, and, among the rest, his intended bride, to receive him. He is recognized by one of the passengers, a frank, bold, good-humoured, good-natured, swaggering, swearing lieutenant, named Mongerand, his quondam condisciple, who forces him into a tavern to celebrate their meeting in a bowl of punch. In vain he urges his appointment. Mongerand overrules all opposition, with most plausible volubility; and from the tavern hurries him to the house of a mutual schoolfellow, with whom he was going to dine.

After dinner they adjourn to a billiard-room, where Mongerand quarrels with some of the players; a general fight ensues; Charles receives a prodigious blow in the face from a stool hurled at Mongerand, who dexterously avoided the missile; the waiters turn the combatants out, and Mongerand follows his antagonists for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a duel.

By good luck Charles loses Mongerand in the street, and he gets to his mother's a little before the party separates. The evidences of recent mishap which he bears upon his face, confirm a fictitious story of his falling in the street, which serves to quiet the fears, as to his steadiness, of an old merchant, whose niece he is to espouse. He escorts his intended home, and to his horror meets Mongerand, whose notice however he fortunately eludes. Mongerand fights, and receives a dangerous wound; Charles gets married, and is installed in the flourishing house of business of his wife's uncle, who forthwith retires to the country. Leonie soon perceives the difference between her uncle's management and that of her husband. The latter neglects his books, misses his appointments, and makes acquaintance with every body he meets.

"Far from resembling his wife, who desired to become well acquainted with people before forming an intimacy, Charles is at once intimate with the friends of his friends. It is sufficient for him to breakfast with any one, or to drink a glass of beer in the same company, to make his acquaintance. He will accept the punch they offer him; he will join a party of pleasure, proposed by people whom he sees for the first time, on leaving a coffee-house, where at first he knew but a single person; he will shake hands with three or four individuals who come to talk to his friend. In this way, one runs a great risk of prostituting one's friendship; but, again, Charles meets none but those who shake hands warmly, and slap him familiarly on the shoulders."



Pecuniary difficulties begin to approach :—

"The business which Vauflonck procured him, turned out unproductive. Correspondents complain of the bad condition of the goods delivered to them: many refuse to accept them; returns cease to be punctual, and the manufacturers' bills must be paid. Leonie is uneasy; she entreats her husband to be more careful; Charles promises to do so, and he is sincere when he swears that he will think of nothing else but of enriching himself; but the moment he is out he forgets all he promised his wife, and allows himself to be led off by Vauflonck, or somebody else, to preserve his reputation of being a *Good Fellow*."

Meantime Mongerand, who, after the affair of the duel, had married and settled at Lyons, separates from his wife, and returns to Paris. He assumes a complete ascendancy over Charles, and leads him from dissipation to dissipation.

"If he happens to station himself at his desk, and attempts to employ himself, Mongerand is sure to call for him. He comes swearing, shouting, and smoking. Slapping Charles on the shoulder, he exclaims, 'What the devil are you at this morning? They are waiting for us there below: the oysters are open: you know very well that German lost them yesterday to me.' 'My husband has a great deal to do,' said Leonie, looking at Charles to retain him. 'Oh, be quiet, Madam, he will return to business in a moment; the matter of eating a dozen oysters—of drinking a glass of Chablis—'twill be soon managed: and Charles will only be fresher for his work. Come, we are all good fellows; but they have sworn not to breakfast without you.' Charles followed Mongerand, promising to return speedily; and when they reached the street, Mongerand said, 'Ha! hah! so you must have your wife's permission to go out. Oh, this is rare—it is too good!' 'No, no, it is because it was my wish to be busy; I am at liberty to do as I please.' 'Very good: but if not, I should tell you to make haste in casting off the yoke. Trample on *all that*! Women are what we make them, and a man is a fool that allows himself to be led. I love the women—I respect them—I am for proprieties; and I would never give you bad advice: but, in God's name, be a man: don't let yourself be led—you are under petticoat government.' 'My wife, I tell you, is as gentle as a lamb: I do just as I please with her.'—'That's well: then love her—cherish her—attend to her—but don't be led by her. Be master in your own house, and you will be happy.' The advice of Mongerand is more effective than the gentle remonstrances of Leonie. Why? Because Mongerand repeats all this to Charles at the tavern, before his friends, all of whom vie with each other in proclaiming themselves masters at home. They would laugh at any one who had the appearance of yielding to his wife—of consulting her; because these gentlemen are much more sensitive to a cutting joke of one of their companions, than to the prayers, the tears of their wives. Pitiful creatures! who pass their lives in declaring themselves masters, and prove it only by their acts of folly."

Our hero's family increases; his wife complains more loudly, and he is still more seldom to be found at home. Mr. Rozat, his excellent friend, takes the opportunity to attempt the seduction of Leonie, and Charles picks up a mistress, with the help of Mongerand. He is absent on an excursion of pleasure with his inamorata, when he accidentally hears of the failure of his own house. He gets through the unlucky business by the sacrifice of his mother's small property, and the sale of most of his effects. He next enters into a magnificent speculation with Mongerand, which fails. The creditors come down upon Charles, and this last blow reduces him to a garret. Then fol-



low some of those scenes, which it is the delight of Paul de Kock to pourtray: he beautifully depicts the virtuous and tender wife, calm, gentle, and uncomplaining, though oppressed by multiplied afflictions, and surrounded by misery, labouring incessantly at her needle to procure bread for her children, and to supply the demands of her reckless and idle husband.

The character of Mongerand is supported throughout with consummate skill and attention to details. It is a full length and highly finished portrait. The gradual changes in his manners, after he has quitted his regiment, until the bold, frank, rough demeanour of the soldier deviates into the undisguised brutality of the daring bully, who quarrels in every tavern he visits, are traced with masterly precision. The continued ascendancy of his stronger will over the mind of the feeble and irresolute Charles, still drawing him on, in spite of his better judgment, into fresh scenes of dissipation and deeper distress, and the facility with which Charles foregoes his resentment for every fresh injury, and becomes reconciled to him on hearing some bold lying apology, and some new scheme of pleasure, are happily contrasted, and makes each individual character stand more prominently forward. But all this is so spread over our author's pages, and conveyed by so many separate touches, that we despair of finding a passage that shall place it in one distinct point of view. However, as Paul is peculiarly strong in his description of *roms* of all sorts, and as they are plentifully interspersed with his sentimental scenes, we shall give one for the amusement of our readers. Charles had been involved in a duel by Mongerand, and conveyed to his garret dangerously wounded. Mongerand takes advantage of his illness to extort money from his friend's mother, who dies broken-hearted. On his recovery, Charles is very indignant, and swears vengeance against Mongerand. After a long suspension of acquaintance, chance again brings them together. Fiddling or dancing are the two great resources of a Frenchman without a sous; so Charles betakes himself to the former, and with the knowledge of only two tunes, he sets up as a violinist. In this capacity he is engaged to play at a wedding.

"Charles sounded the strings of his violin; instantly a lively expression of hilarity lit up the countenances of the party; it seemed as if they heard a violin for the first time in their lives. Each one turned smiling towards the musician. Charles gave a few notes—the company formed—Charles played at random the contre-dances he could recollect. As for the figures, the dancers made them go to every air. The first quadrille was got over tolerably: during the second a young man thought proper to exclaim, 'the figure, if you please.'—'As you please,' said Charles.—'As you please—but hark ye, I don't know it.'—'It's the *cavalier seul*,' cried uncle Cæsar, who was very fond of that figure. \* \* \* A buz—a sudden commotion, which took place in the assembly, was caused by the arrival of the intended bridegroom. Miss Tigré was dancing, but without waiting to finish the set, she cried out, 'Oh! here he is, here he is—I hear him!' and she advanced to meet a stout gentleman, dressed in black, who then entered the room, with two large nosegays in his hands: he smiled on all around him with an air of the utmost ease; began by kissing the hands of Flora, who devoured him with her eyes, gave her a bouquet, presented another to Madam Tigré, slapped the shoulder of the papa, saluted the family, embraced the aunts and cousins, and ended his career right opposite Charles, who remained stupified on recognizing Monge-

rand!—The embraces and introductions concluded, they exclaimed, 'Come! let's dance! Places!'—'My son-in-law, Emilius, will dance with Flora,' cried Mr. Tigré; 'cousin Cloutaint, we'll face them.' But Charles continued motionless, gazed at Mongerand, and stirred not his *bow*! 'Play up, there—Music!' cried several voices. Here Mongerand perceived the eyes of Charles fixed upon him—he suddenly divined the cause of the obstinate silence of the violin. Without betraying any embarrassment, he ran up to Charles, took his hand, shook it forcibly, exclaiming, 'No, I am not mistaken—it is my brave La Valeur!' 'What! do you know our violin-player?' said Mr. Tigré, while the company gazed in astonishment upon the son-in-law and the musician. 'Know him!' rejoined Mongerand—'why he is one of our old hus-sars—a brave fellow! He saved my life twice! By all that's sacred I am delighted to see him here!—Oh, poor La Valeur!' 'Ah, 'tis one of his troopers,' said Madam Tigré; 'Oh, I understand it now.' All this while Mongerand gave most significant looks to Charles, and muttered between his teeth, 'Be silent—above all, no cursed absurdities.' 'Mongerand, you are a villain, an infamous—' 'Hold your tongue.'—'You have borrowed from my mother, in my name.'—'It is to repay you that I am here.'—'You can't marry this girl, for you have a wife already.'—'What's that to you? that's my business; my wife must be dead; I am sure I must be a widower—come, strike up.'—'But—' 'Hush! What are you to get?'—'Fifteen francs.'—'I'll make it six-and-thirty.'—'But I can't permit—' Mongerand now ceased to speak in an under tone to Charles, and retired, saying, 'Come, my brave fellow, I am with your family is so well: play us one of those delightful country-dances, glad which you enlivened us in quarters. Let's to our places, divine Flora!' 'Excellent! most exquisite music!' said Mongerand, at every turn, when Charles had at length set them in motion. 'He plays us the same tune very often,' said a young man who danced beside the intended. 'Sir, what is charming can never be played too often, and I know no air so fit for dancing.' This was said in such a positive tone, that every body was convinced."

A waltz is called for—Charles does not happen to know one, and plays up his old tune of 'Tron la la.'

"The waltzers started, but they found it difficult to proceed, because the air was not one, two, three. Mongerand, with more address, immediately made it answer, and whirled Flora along through the crowd of motionless dancers. 'Do you know no other waltz?' said a dancer to Charles, who only replied by playing 'Tron la la' more energetically. But Mongerand stopped not; he whirled Flora along with accelerated velocity. Mr. Tigré cried out, 'The air is excellent—my son-in-law dances it superbly! Mon Dieu! how they spin—'tis frightful!' Flora had lost three little combs; one side of her head-dress floated on her shoulders—the perspiration streamed down her face; but she did not ask to stop; and Mongerand kept humming, as he kicked every thing that came in his way—'Tron la la. Just so, by all that's glorious!'"

The entrance of a guest who recognizes Montgerand as a married man, spreads terror, dismay and indignation amid the festivity. Sir Ezzelin's "'Tis he," in the brilliant hall of Otho, did not produce a more astounding effect. Mongerand behaves like another Lara.

"'Sir,' said uncle Cæsar, advancing towards Mongerand with a determined air, 'know that a family established in the fur line for thirty years, is not to be trifled with in this way, and that we can—' 'I know—I know that you are tiresome. To the devil with you and your niece—no marriage at present—good night.'—'Kick him out,' cried all the young cousins, indignant at this impertinent reply, while Flora went to faint beside her mother. 'Who talks of kicking me out?' said Montgerand, drawing himself up proudly in the middle of the room; 'let him come forward; I am his man.—'

Charles, station yourself on my left, and let us effect an honourable retreat.' Charles, foreseeing at the outset that matters would become worse, had attempted to disappear; but he must have his violin, which had been seized by uncle Cæsar. Suddenly he saw himself surrounded, pushed by all the young people, united to force Mongerand to retreat. The latter tried to make head against them, and drive back the crowd: he was obliged to yield—he had already gained the door of the staircase, when uncle Cæsar handed Charles his violin, saying, 'Here's your scratch.' Mongerand seized it and broke it on the nose of uncle Cæsar, saying, 'And here's my farewell.'"

This was beyond endurance. Mongerand and Charles were kicked down stairs. "What an infernal wedding," cried Mongerand; "all was going on so well but for the arrival of that old fool, who came from Lyons expressly to spoil sport." Soon after Charles takes Mongerand as an assistant minstrel: but we feel we have already trespassed too much upon our space; we shall therefore rapidly hurry to the catastrophe. Charles sees his heroic wife perish with her son in their abode of misery. A rich uncle takes away his daughter, and gives him a thousand crowns to send him to the Colonies. He is going to start, when he meets Mongerand, who had acquired some property by the death of his own wife, and who persuades him to go to England on a matrimonial expedition. "I have an idea," said he, "that I will turn the head of some *lady*. She will have a million—will marry me. I'll give you half of it, and you'll have no need of taking the leap of Niagara." Eight years after this, Charles returns to Paris in a most miserable plight. The first place he visits is the tomb of his wife. He attempts to see his daughter; but she knows him not, and gives him alms. Soon after he meets Mongerand, and the following closing scene takes place.

"So! you did not expect to see me here," said Mongerand; "did you? I came precisely because you forbade me; such is my custom. I have determined to keep you company."—"Leave me to my grief—I can no longer bear your presence," said Charles with impatience: "it augments my despair. You have caused my misfortunes, leading me to commit folly upon folly." "Oh, then it is my fault that you should like pleasure, women and wine!"—"But for your advice I had listened to my wife, and should not have caused her death."—"You have assumed a tone which I had punished in any other." While saying this, Mongerand planted himself before Charles to stop his passage; the latter flung him aside, and proceeded on his way. "Insolent fellow!" said Mongerand, "but that I pity you—" "Pity!" cried Charles retracing his steps with haste, and scowling upon him, "You pity me—wretch! this last disgrace alone was wanting—beware lest I avenge the death of my wife and son!"—"Charles, you heap insult upon insult."—"You have arms, avenge yourself; give me one of those pistols!"—"Begone, Charles!—I'll not follow you."—"Ha! coward, you are fit only for deeds of baseness!"—"Coward!" cried Mongerand, with flashing eyes, "you compel me—let's to it then!" He took two pistols from his pocket, examined their loading, then presenting one to Charles, he drew back ten paces. "Come, let us fire together, and finish the affair." They raised their pistols and fired almost at the same instant. Mongerand heard the ball whistle by his ear; Charles received that of his adversary in his heart—he fell and expired, muttering the name of his daughter. Mongerand went up to him: at first he was for assisting him; but, observing that he was dead, he quietly put the pistols into his pocket, and departed, saying: "'Tis a pity—HE WAS A GOOD FELLOW!"



## CURIOSITIES OF IRISH LITERATURE.

It has often been my good fortune, both at the Dublin Corn Exchange, and in other places, to witness the endeavours of O'Connell to shove "Old Ireland" some degrees across the ocean, so as to bring her in juxtaposition with the United States. "It is bounded on the east," he would say, if he could, "by St. George's Channel, and on the west by North America." Campion, a worthy old jesuit, whose head has not ached these three hundred years and upwards, seems to favour such a speculation. "Ireland," he says, "lieth aloose in the West Ocean." *Aloose*, like Gulliver's floating island, inviting the trident of any adventurous Triton who might be tempted to interfere with its latitude and longitude. From the frequent and familiar intercourse between our coasts and those of Palestine and Phœnicia in the very infancy of navigation, it might appear as if we were once posited in the lower end of the *Levant*, and had been gradually and imperceptibly drifted by contrary currents to our present situation in the rear of Europe. Whether we be not still retrograding from the confines of civilisation, is a question to which I must be excused, if, in the imperfect state of our geographical knowledge, I decline an answer. One fact is clear, that *mosquitoes* were seen, and felt too, in the interior of the Bog of Allen last summer. But I was speaking of the Holy Land. Our acquaintance with that favoured soil commenced in the time of Noah, and our first saint was imported directly from thence at that early age. His legend is thus preserved in Dr. Hammer's most grave and weighty Chronicle of Ireland:—

"Whereas in the yeare of the world 1525 Noah began to admonish the people of vengeance to come by a generall deluge, for the wickednesse and detestable sinne of man, and continued his admonition 120 yeares, building an arke for the safegarde of himselfe and his family; one Cesara—say they—according unto others, Cesarea, a neece of Noah (when others seemed to neglect this forewarning) rigging a *navy*, committed herself with her adherents to the seas to seeke adventures and to avoid the plagues that were to fall. She arrived in Ireland with her three men, Bithi, Laigria, and Fintan, and fifty women. Within forty dayes after her arrivall the universall flood came upon them in those parts, as well as upon the rest of the world, and drowned them all; in which perplexity of minde and imminent danger, beholding the waves overwhelming all things before their eyes, Fintan is said to have been transformed into a salmon, and to have swoome all the time of the deluge about Ulster, and after the fall of the water recovering his former shape, to have lived longer than Adam, and to have delivered strange things to posterity; so that of him the common speech riseth—"If I had Fintan's yeeres, I could say much."

Thus far the legend of St. Fintan. The circumstance of his swimming over Ulster in the form of a salmon, will probably remind the reader of the late Sir Joseph Yorke's pious wish that all Ireland



were three feet under low-water mark, and that the cod and salmon might disport themselves over the fairest fields of Ulster. He must have had an eye to Mr. Fintan's exploits, but the mystery is, where the deuce he could have heard of them.

The credulity of the Irish has been at all times a source of great amusement to our matter-of-fact masters in England. Stanihurst, and after him Campion, relates the following Irish anecdote:—"One office in the house of great men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord on sleepe with tales vaine and frivolous, whereunto the number give sooth and credence. So light they are in believing whatsoever is with any countenance of gravitie affirmed by their superiours, whom they esteeme and honour, that a lewde prelate, within these few yeares, needy of money, was able to persuade his parish that St. Patrick, in striving with St. Peter to let an Irish galloglass into heaven, had his head broken with the keyes; for whose relief he obtained a collation."

Falstaff's encomium of sack is the perfection of bacchanalian eulogy. The very page smacks of the liquor which it immortalizes. Here, however, is almost a match for it—a description of our Irish nectar from the pen of a grave churchman, which, for minuteness of analysis, and a true native relish of the subject, far transcends *Walter de Mapes*, and may challenge a comparison with any thing out of Shakspeare. The author ought to have been canonized long ago, and his picture hung up in the parlour of every public house in the land, as the patron saint of vintners and dram-drinkers:—"One *Theoricus* (*Episcopus Hermenensis*) wrote a proper treatise of *aqua vitæ*, wherein he praises it unto the ninth degree. He distinguisheth three sorts thereof—*simplex*, *composita*, and *perfectissima*. He declareth the simples and ingredients thereto belonging. He wisheth it to be taken as well before meat as after. Being moderately taken (saith he), it floweth age, it strengtheneth youth, it helpeth digestion, it cutteth phlegm, it abandonneth melancholy, it relisheth the heart, it lighteneth the mind, it quickeneth the spirits, it cureth the hydropsie, it healeth the strangury, it pounceth the stone, it expelleth gravel, it puffeth away all ventosity, it keepeth and preserveth the head from whirling, the eyes from dazzling, the tongue from lispings, the mouth from maffling, the teeth from chattering, and the throat from rattling! It keepeth the weason from stifling, the stomach from wambling, the heart from swelling, the belly from wirtching, the hands from shrinking, the veins from crumpling, the bones from aking, and the marrow from soaking!"

Here is a joyous account of a coronation:—"In Ulster thus they they used to crown their king. A white cow was brought forth, which the king must kill and seethe in water whole, and bathe himselfe therein starke naked; then, sitting in the same caldron, his people about him, together with them he must eat the flesh and drinke the broath wherein he sitteth, without cuppe, or dish, or use of his hand."

What an august and truly Agamemnonian ceremony—an unction of the whole majesty from top to toe. *What a broth of a boy!*

Now for a chronicle of a very respectable Irish gentleman in days

of yore:—" *Fin Mac Coile*, one of the principall captaines of the Danish sept, was in Rome at the time of this field (the battle of Ard-kath). Many things are reported of him worthy remembrance. His chiefe house was called *Barragh-llys*, in Ulster. He was a man, in his prosperitie, of great command in Ireland; so that the Danes and Norwegans had, through him, great dealing and entercourse with Ireland, and Ireland with them. But yet—as it sometimes falleth out among the deere friends—many jarres and broiles and factions fell betweene them, and especially betweene the sept of *Clan ne Morne* and *Clan ne Boiskén*, both which sides still relieved themselves out of Denmarke. The King of Denmarke, at last hearing of the fame of *Fin Mac Coile*, sent for him and tooke such a liking to him, that he concluded to marry him unto his daughter. *Fin* went thither with three thousand souldiers. The king, one day as they conversed together, asked after the manner of the death of his three sonnes, *Comen*, *Law-ne-Meyd*, and *Feagh*, who formerly went into Ireland to maintaine one of the factions. *Dermot O'Doyne*, one of *Fin's* company, answered, 'Trouble not thyself, O king; this is the hand that killed thy sonne *Comen*!' One *Osker* said, 'This is the hand that killed thy sonne *Law-ne-Meyd*!' *Keyn Mac Finn* also said, 'This is the hand that killed thy sonne *Feagh*!' Herewith the king was wroth, and said, '*Fin Mac Coile*, thou and thy men are my prisoners.' Forthwith they drew their skeynes; the king's guard, for fear, fled; they tooke him prisoner, carried him aboard their shippes, hoised up saile, and brought him to Ireland; so as the marriage was dasht, and the king driven to pay a ransome for his libertie, before he could get from them.

"This *Fin Mac Coile* also fought with a gyant, that landed at Houth, and came to challenge combats for tribute, and by policie, not by strength, overcame him. His policie was this: he caused him in the night, (for the space of three nights) to be kept waking, and in the day time to be fought withall, and thereby weakened his strength, and foiled the gyant.

"Towards his end, one *Gorre*, an old man, after their former warres and troubles, came to his house (before spoken of), and boasted unto the gentlewomen then present, of his feates in warre, and the combats he had fought; whereat they laughed. He being offended with them, sware in his anger that he would burne them all, got old timber and straw, put it in the house, fired it, made fast the doores, and compassed about the house with men that none might escape. They cryed unto him out of their windowes to save their lives; but he was inexorable, and could not be drawne to any compassion; and when the house was readie to fall, he fled into Mounster, and there hid himselfe in a cave. *Fin Mac Coile* came home from hunting, and beheld this wofull desolation, how his wife, his maides, his old souldiers, his horses, his greyhounds, his plate and household stuffe, his shields, jackes, and shirts of maile, and his instruments of musicke, were consumed to ashes—made after *Gorre* into Mounster, where he found him, and after some skirmish of both sides, tooke him, and brought him to the place where he had committed this villany. *Gorre*, when he beheld the bones of

them that were burned, laughed; and being asked why, his answer was, that he laughed at them that formerly laughed at him.

"This wilie Gorre being kept that night for execution, in the dead of the night stole away, and was found in a cave, where, by commandment of Fin Mac Coile, Hugh Gorre, his own sonne, killed him, and after became madde himselfe. And the end of Fin Mac Coile was, that he died a beggar and in great misery."

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### THE SCHOOLMASTER IN MUSCOVY.

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So singularly are the people of this country in the dark, on almost every point connected with the moral culture and intellectual development of the Russians, that it will perhaps be conferring a benefit on our readers, to place before them a sketch of the state of public education in the mighty dominions of the Czar.

In order to carry into execution, with more method and ensemble, a system of public education, and for the purpose of simplifying this branch of the general administration, by centralizing it, the whole empire, including the grand duchy of Finland, is divided into *seven* university districts; each of which comprehends, more or less, a great number of governments and provinces. A Curator is placed at the head of each district, and the minister of public instruction presides over the whole. In each district there is a university, and one or more gymnasiums in each government, besides primary and secondary schools, the former of which are styled "*Ecoles d'arrondissement*." The number of students on the books of the different universities, in 1830, amounted to upwards of 5000.

In addition to these universities there exist a great number of other establishments, consecrated to the higher branches of study, which are not immediately under the jurisdiction of the minister of public instruction,—they are termed high special schools. Theology is taught in the academies of Kief, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Kasan. In these establishments there are upwards of 26,000 students and 430 professors. The Catholic church likewise supports 13 seminaries: the Protestants graduate at the university of Dorpat, where the faculty of theology is exclusively reserved for them. In all the universities jurisprudence and all the branches of medicine are taught, but more particularly so at the chirurgo-medical schools of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Other establishments, enjoying almost the same prerogatives as the universities, are destined to form the Russian youth for the higher offices of state. These are the Lycée of Tsarskoie Selo, the high school of St. Petersburg, the school of science at Jaroslavl, and the "*pensions nobles*" of the universities of the Moscow and St. Petersburg. On completing their course of study, the students take a certain rank in the hierarchy.

Several thousand youths receive their education at the military schools throughout the empire, which amount in all to 25. The study of the oriental languages, of commerce, and of technology



occupy a great number of professors in the other special schools. The object of the oriental establishment, founded in 1828, is to form good dragomans for the diplomatic relations of Russia with the cabinets of the East ; while the school founded at Osenbourg is destined to extend among the Muselmen of the empire the results of European civilization. All the gymnasiums, to the number of 55, underwent, in the reign of the last emperor, a complete re-organisation, and are at present established on an uniform footing.

There are, besides, 247 private boarding schools, all subjected to the control of the university of the district in which they are situated. The primary schools are the fewest in number, barely amounting to 120 ; next in succession are the elementary or parochial schools,—their numbers are very far from being proportionate to the wants of the population, in spite of all the efforts of the late emperor, who at one time founded upwards of one hundred of them. The total number of schools supported at the expense of the state, and of private individuals, and placed under the immediate control of the minister of public instruction, was, in 1824, 1,411, in which 70,000 youth of both sexes received their education. In this estimate we do not include the schools in the military colonies, which are very numerous, nor those supported by the Russian clergy, which, in the year quoted, amounted to 344. The Ecoles Normales of France, and the pedagogic schools of Germany, have likewise been introduced, and their numbers are daily increasing. The sum placed annually at the disposition of the minister of public instruction, amounts to nearly 3,000,000 of roubles. The foregoing exposition will we fear be found dry and unamusing ; but in order to form a correct estimate of the present state of public education in the Russian empire, minuteness of detail and methodical distribution are absolutely necessary.

Notwithstanding the rigid censorship established in Russia, the press is beginning to lay its mighty grasp on the public mind, but even now there are at present published throughout the empire only seventy-three journals, and these are written in twelve different languages. Compared with the rest of Europe, the intellectual resources of Russia are yet insignificant, and the great mass of her population are quite indifferent to the benefits of instruction. But however disproportionate the number of those upon which it acts in ratio to the whole population, it must be admitted that the government has been unceasing in its efforts, and has spared neither labour nor expense to secure to the people the elements of a good system of education. "*La Russie*," says Madame de Staël, "*a encore bien des pas a faire*," ere she attains the apex of civilization—and we bow to this opinion ; but she is at the same time advancing in her career with gigantic strides. The invention of steam-boats will above all contribute to accelerate her march. No other country, not even excepting the United States of America, presents so wide a field for the operation of this mighty element as Russia ; for her inland navigation is magnificent, and connected in every part by an admirable system of canals. In fact, when we reflect on the principles of improvement that are so rapidly developing themselves in every part of the empire, we can see no reason why Russia should not attain that general



knowledge and civil importance which, as a political body, she has already acquired. The sleepy politicians of Europe are, however, blind to the rapid and alarming development—mental as well as physical—of this adolescent giant, although possessing, even in a state of puberty, the wiliness of a serpent, the patient watchfulness of a cat, the ferocity of a wolf, and the enormous power and sinews of an Asiatic elephant. That axiom of Napoleon which we have given in a preceding number should be burnt into the walls of every great cabinet:—"IN THIRTY YEARS EUROPE WILL EITHER BE REPUBLICAN OR COSSACK."

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### ISLE OF MAN.

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Go where one may, it seems impossible to get away from London associations and London names. Here I am, after a calm and delightful passage, in Bond-street still—Bond-street, Douglas, Isle of Man! To state that I was disappointed because I was not wrecked and lost in the Irish sea, would be palpably absurd; but I will own that, after the enticing picture I had lately received of the "striving waters" off the coast, I was slightly vexed that I should chance to make the passage on a cloudless day—a waveless sea—and through an all but breathless atmosphere. True, I had not fixed my heart upon a mountain swell, or my happiness upon a hurricane; but it did strike me, and somewhat forcibly, that a little fresher breeze above us, and a less calm sea beneath, would have added—if one may venture to be covetous—to the day's enjoyment.

It seems that the isle was inhabited by the Britons long prior to its conversion to Christianity by St. Patrick, in 440. To trace the various changes it endured, and the many kings to whom it bowed, might here be considered out of place; suffice it then to say, that after the conquest of the primitive inhabitants, it was alternately in possession of the English, Scots, and Norwegians, until the reign of Henry the Fourth, when it was seized from Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, on his rebellion, and granted to Sir John Stanley, to be held of the crown of Great Britain by liege homage, paying to the king a cast of falcons at his coronation. In this family the island remained, by regular descent, up to William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby, who obtained from James I. the title of "King of Man." James, the tenth Earl, dying in 1753 without issue, the title became vested in James Murray, second Duke of Athol, by whose descendants the sovereignty has been sold to the British dominion. It appears that the original arms of the island consisted of a ship in full sail, and continued so until 1270, when the King of Scotland sent an army to attack it, under the command of Alexander of Paisley and John Comyn. Being victorious, he substituted the arms the island now upholds—those arms being three legs.

The government was formerly exercised by a Council of Elders, called *Taxiasi*, derived from *Taxi*, a corruption of *Taisgi*, a guardian, and *acci*, hereditary property. It now consists of a governor (in-

vested with all but kingly power), lieutenant-governor, and a House of Keys, formed of twenty-four representatives of the people, and a council of ten principal officers. The House of Keys is supposed to derive its name from the members being formerly the interpreters of the common law. There are also two judges (deemsters). The Manx designate their laws "breast laws," as being confined to the knowledge of their rulers. In all trials for capital offences, a jury of twelve is summoned, as in England. When the case is stated against the prisoner, the deemster demands of the foreman "*Vod fir charree soiè?*"—(May he that administers at the altar continue to sit?) If the answer is "He may," the prisoner is instantly discharged; if "He may not," the bishop and clergy, who are always in the court, retire, and sentence of death is pronounced; but execution is delayed until the King's pleasure is known. Capital offences, however, but very rarely occur.

Many of their laws are singular. Lands may be alienated by deed, but not by will; no lease can be of a longer term than twenty-five years; and all such lands as have an unredeemed mortgage of eight years' standing, pass over to the mortgagee. Two witnesses, but neither seal nor stamp, are necessary to a conveyance of freehold property; and there are no such things as entailed estates beyond the heir of the owner. If a man marries an heiress, and survives her, he claims, so long as he remain a widower, one moiety of her estate; she, during her life, has no control over her property without the consent of her husband: neither can he sell nor leave his own estate without his wife's consent, so as to prejudice her right of survivorship. No landed proprietor is liable to arrest in a civil suit, unless it can be clearly proved he has it in contemplation to quit the island. For bigamy or polygamy no punishment falls on the parents, but upon the children, who are declared bastards, and rendered incapable of inheriting property. If two sticks are placed across a door, even if the door be open, it is felony to enter burglariously. Forgery is only regarded in the light of a civil debt. Theft, above the value of sixpence-halfpenny, is capital.

In circumference the island is about eighty miles; in breadth from nine to twelve; and in length near upon thirty. It is divided in two, by no means equal, parts, by a chain of mountains commencing at North, and terminating at South Barrule, including Snawfel, Mount Greeba, Pen-y-pol, and various others. Snawfel is the highest throughout the island, being 1740 feet above the level of the sea; and on a clear day, when standing on its summit, the view is very grand. The whole island lies beneath you—every hamlet—the numerous streams which intersect it—the waterfalls—the rocks—all are exposed to view—and then, turn which way you will, the ocean girts it round. You also see—or ought to see, if the natives may be credited—the mountains of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

The greatest drawback to the beauty of the island is the total absence of any thing approaching to forest scenery. Brushwood and furze abound in the hollows and on the mountains, but not a tree grows that is not artificially planted. This does not, however, appear to have been always the case, for at the northern extremity of the

island large quantities of timber, supposed to be antediluvian, have been discovered, consisting principally of gigantic trunks of pine and oak. About one third of the island is in an uncultivated state.

The chief support of the island is its herring fishery; the season for which commences in July, and terminates in October. During these months it is held a species of sacrilege to destroy a sea-gull, and the somewhat heavy fine of £3 is imposed for each offence. These birds are the only guides to the fishermen when out at sea, to indicate the spot where the shoals of herrings float, and this they effect by hovering in flocks over the water. Upwards of 300 boats, of from 18 to 30 tons, are employed in this fishery. Few more spirit-stirring scenes can be imagined than that presented by their departure from the harbour. No inducement, however powerful, will prevail on them to go out to sea on a Sunday.

Having some desire to see a little more of their calling, I made arrangements with a fisherman for that purpose. We quitted the harbour with the tide, at about six o'clock in the evening. When out of sight of land, the nets were cast, and the fishermen passed the night in drinking rum and water, and chaunting native melodies, in native Manx. At the first blush of the dawn, the nets were hauled up, and the thousands of fish they encompassed thrown indiscriminately into the hold of the vessel. As the morning advanced, other boats were discovered standing into land, and it then became a matter of emulation with each to make the harbour first—a task rarely accomplished without accidents of some description. The whole town, on these occasions, seems congregated on the pier-head, and the consumption of rum is prodigious.

At a distance of about three miles from Peel, is an elevation of the earth called the Tynwald Mount. This is, in all probability, the most interesting historical relic in the whole island. The ascent to the summit, which is about seventeen feet in height, is by a flight of steps cut in the earth, on the western side, and encompassing it on every side are several terraces decreasing from the base in breadth. From this mount, according to the most ancient records of the Island, the laws have been, and to this day they continue to be, promulgated to the people. On such occasions, a chair is placed beneath a canopy, upon its summit, and occupied by the governor, or his deputy. The deemsters, council, and the keys, take their stations, and occupy the terraces below him, while the surrounding space of ground is filled by the Islanders. The laws are always proclaimed in the Manx and English languages.

From Peel I went to Glen Moij—a spot which equals, on a miniature scale of splendour, any scene I ever witnessed. Its great attraction consists in a fine waterfall, descending into a rocky glen, the stream from which, after winding through a fertile valley, falls into the sea.

The Island is divided into four towns:—Douglas, Peel, Castle Town, and Ramsay. Douglas is supposed to contain between 6 and 7000 inhabitants, and derives its name from the junction of the two rivers *Dhoo* and *Glass*. The streets are all narrow—dirty—and inconvenient—scantily lighted during the winter months—and wholly un-



provided with water, except what is brought into the town by casks. The pier is tolerably handsome, and the water in the harbour is of such astonishing clearness, that at a depth of six fathoms, you can distinguish every shell on its rocky bottom. In this town there are hot and cold baths—hotels, and boarding-houses—a theatre—libraries—billiard, news, and assembly rooms, and all the etcetera of a fashionable watering place. Nay more, in 1829, a United Service Club was formed. During the summer, a packet leaves Liverpool daily, at ten o'clock in the morning, and arrives at six or seven in the evening. The fare is 10s. Vessels running from Whitehaven to Dublin, and from Liverpool to Glasgow, touch here in their way. A noble institution, for the preservation of lives from shipwreck, was founded here in 1824, which has been the means of saving upwards of 1500 lives.

On the second day after my arrival I visited that spot which had a particular interest to me; namely, Peel castle, and with Sir Walter Scott's interesting description of it strongly impressed on my mind, I had anticipated no small gratification from my visit. The turret was before my mind wherein the scene is laid between the young Earl and the Countess of Derby—the stone steps whereon Fenella stood—all rose to my mind in the romantic colouring of that great author's delineating pen. But disappointment, the usual result of an over-excited fancy, was destined for me. A ruin, destitute alike of beauty and romance is the last relic of Peel castle. True, there is a man there, and an old one, who oracularly tells you of the legends attached to every stone; who points out to you the dungeon wherein some duke or duchess was starved to death, and tells you which way the black dog ran that haunts the castle, and once tore some scoffer piecemeal for disbelieving in the power of his teeth. Peel, or as it was once designated, Holme-Town, is twelve or thirteen miles from Douglas. The road is diversified and pleasant, and in many parts even romantic.

At Castle-Town, formerly the residence of the kings of Man, stands Castle Rushen, erected in 960, by Guttred, a Danish prince. The walls are in so admirable a state of preservation that it is difficult to persuade yourself that upwards of eight centuries have elapsed since they were raised. The view from the summit of the tower is particularly grand. It is asserted that the glacis, which surrounds the castle, was built by Cardinal Wolsey. On my return from this place to Douglas, after walking about two miles, I fell in with the ruins of Rushen Abbey, founded in the year 1098, by Prince Macmarus. Shortly after, I visited Ramsay, a neat and picturesque place, with a beautiful sweeping bay before it. In all the towns the people speak English, but towards the interior Manx alone is heard.

The cheapness of living here is surprising. Land, uncultivated it is true, but not incapable by any means of being rendered advantageous, is to be bought at 10s. an acre. Brandy 10s. a gallon. Fowls 6d. each, and every thing else in rateable proportion; no taxes, and no—that is, but very few—duties. N. B. No turnpikes or poor houses.



## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

**APPALLING THREAT.**—We beg leave most respectfully to call the attention of Lord Melbourne, and all that portion of society, which is properly termed the public *at large*, in contra-distinction to the public *in limbo*, to the following ferocious advertisement, which has recently appeared in a country paper:—

### CHILD'S ERCALL ASSOCIATION.

\*↓\* *The Annual MEETING on the second Tuesday in May, at the Talbot Inn Standford's Bridge.*

**W**HEREAS *divers* of burglaries, felonies, grand and petit larcenies have frequently been committed in the Townships of Ercall, Ellerton, Eaton, Shovel, Mill, Meeson, Ollerton, Pixley, Hickstock, Pickstock, Hill, Cheswell, and Chetwynd, in the county of Salop! and the offenders have escaped justice with impunity, for want of proper pursuit and exertion on the part of the sufferers, or on account of the charges attending such pursuit and prosecution; to obviate *the same* in future, we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have raised a fund, and formed ourselves into an Association, determining to prosecute to the utmost rigour of the law, all persons guilty of any of the above offences, AND TO RIDE ENGLAND THROUGH *at the joint expence of the Society*, AFTER any house-breaker, horse-stealer, incendiary, or any kind of cattle or beasts, such as cows, sheep, pigs, &c, as well as all robbers of orchards, gardens, and hen-roosts; stealers of springles, posts and rails, hooks and thimbles, TURNIPS!—*pulling down stiles and gates, and all sorts of petit larceny whatsoever, at the above joint expence of this Society, and do hereby offer the following rewards, &c. &c.*

Good heavens! are we come to this? Is there a colony of Cossacks already established in the county of Salop? And are they bold enough to give public notice of their delinquencies? Strike on the toscin! Ring the alarm bell! "To your tents, oh, Israel!" For lo! the *townships* of Ercall and Ellerton! Eaton, Shovel, Mill, and Meeson!! Ollerton and Pixley!!! Hickstock and Pickstock!!!! Hill, Cheswell and Chetwynd—all in the county of Salop, have declared war against England. *The divers of burglaries*, calling themselves "Child's Ercall Association," in a proclamation, displaying for its device, an upraised dagger, constellated between two revolutionary stars, threaten "to ride England through" at their *joint expence*, after "any kind of cattle or beasts, such as cows, sheep, and pigs, &c"—"*pulling down stiles and gates, and all KINDS OF PETTY LARCENY WHATSOEVER, at the above joint expence of the society!!*"

If this be tolerated—if the Child's Ercall Association—the *divers* of burglaries, having a drawn dagger for their arms, supported by twin stars, be permitted to ride England through at this rate, there is an end to government: society will be dissolved into its primitive elements, and every man must look to his own pigs! Posts and rails it seems, are no protection; for these marauders, give public notice, that—doubtless, with a view to facilitate their operations—they will level all such impediments with the earth. Nor is this all: for with a congenial feeling towards malefactors, and with a view to revo-

lutionize—to demoralize society, they actually threaten, to pull down petty larceny *at their joint expence!*

Let Lord Melbourne look to this! For our own part, we beg leave, as a subject of the realm, loyally paying our taxes, or black mail, strenuously to insist on having a strong body of the police, under the command of Colonel Rowan, backed by that troop of the guards, the captain of which translated mopsticks into spears, to protect our pig-stye against the townships. The men of Hickstock and Pickstock are perfectly welcome to pull down all *posts* whatsoever; but if they be permitted to molest our valuable pig, we shall fillip Lord Melbourne into his slop-basin, and, by our editorial thunders, shake the constitution to its very base. What is the use of the sublime Mr. Thomas and his gorgeous opera glass—if an Englishman cannot keep his pig?

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AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY.—The short-sighted policy adopted by our ministry with regard to the affairs of the East, has excited the derision of all Europe. In an article called Palmerston Policy in our last number, we pointed out the mistakes into which our government had fallen, and the consequences likely to ensue. Our remarks have been fully borne out;—the czar has achieved the dearest object of his ambition. His fleet is in the Bosphorus, his army in Constantinople; while the powers which ought to have protected that important point, have been playing at protocols with the Dutch. For how many years has it been urged, that the peace of Europe depended upon the balance of power! What treasures have been lavished, what blood shed, to support this doctrine! Now, without a struggle, have we allowed the Tartar fearfully to extend his gigantic dominions!—He has been hailed by the panic-stricken believers as friend—deliverer—and he will never halt till he has been acknowledged as master. Lord Palmerston made a most sorry defence “Where,” it was asked, “when all these things were going on, where was the ambassador of England?”—“On the road!” returned the foreign secretary, with admirable *nai-veté*, amidst shouts of laughter. Yes; it will hardly be believed, in future times, that when the Russian troops were marching for the capital of the East, when her navy was about to cast anchor near its shores, that the British ambassador, the interests of whose country were about to be vitally compromised, was *on the road*. Notwithstanding eight months notice of the crisis, when the eyes of Europe were open and watching the result, Lord Ponsonby was but ten days on his journey, and then *halted for a conveyance*. His lordship could find no ship to his mind in the port of Naples; his travelling equipage might, perhaps, have been disarranged in his hasty mission; or possibly, his puppy dog might not have found proper diplomatic accommodation! We have allowed the Dutchman to play us with his bait in the Scheldt, while his friend, the Russian, has coolly thrown his net in the East; we resemble the simpleton shepherd, who, while kicking a cur at his threshold, allowed the wolf to enter his distant fold.

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**GRAVE IMPUTATION.**—The slaver of scandal has been projected against us from a quarter whence we had no reason to expect it. We are not conscious of ever having done the Editor of the Quarterly Review a mischief. Have we been guilty of pelting him with rotten eggs—of pushing him against a chimney-sweep—of tossing him headlong into a scavenger's mud-pudding? Never, to the best of our belief. Why then, in his article, entitled "Past and Present Parliament," asperse us? Why say, as he has, that among the new members is the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*?

**CUPBOARD CRITICISM.**—With that bland benignity for which we are so much beloved, we demonstrated, in one of our recent numbers, that the number of asses in the metropolis, rose and fell in exact ratio with the fluctuations in the number of architects. In the best spirit imaginable, we held a mirror up to the latter in which they might see and be staggered at the prodigious ultra-asinine length of their ears. But our excellent intentions have produced no effect, *except on their employers*—the contemptible race of modern architects doating on their most loathsome deformities. We frankly and kindly admitted that they possessed every thing but taste, genius, invention, and common sense. Could we say more in their behalf? Was it possible, we boldly ask, to put them in a more lofty pillory? Are they so aspiring as not to be satisfied with being gibbeted on a gallows less than "fifty cubits high?" Do they venture to emulate Haman?—while simple lark-nooses, formed of single hairs plucked from a donkey's mane, are sufficiently potent to strangle them by scores? Poor little pickpockets.

One passage in our paper, we are told, they have ventured to nibble—we beg leave, therefore, to present it to our readers with the nibble annexed:—"A modern house," we said, and still say, "is a structure of bare walls, ornamented and divided into compartments; it contains no family parlour—no social snuggery—no cupboards! A man who lives in it is to be pitied—he is without a home. The stairs creak beneath his feet—the floor of the drawing room shrieks with agony when he steps across it, and the *party-wall* appropriately cracks when he sees a few friends!" This exposé has, it seems, given great offence to those contemptible curs—the metropolitan architects—at whose suggestion, conscious as they are of the frailty of their pill boxes, we take leave to intimate, four-fifths of the leases relative to new houses contain clauses *by which dancing is most vehemently prohibited*. They have sounded the toscin, and set on some of their young hounds to give tongue. How amazed the puppies will fell at finding, that instead of a leveret, they are yapping on the stately track of a lion!

We happen to know all about them—we are acquainted with "the birth, parentage, and education" of their bantling magazine. We could scrush the tadpoles into the congenial mud which gave them birth—our leonine paw is lifted, but we charitably refrain from suffering it to fall, until the appearance of their next number, in which, we are told, they purpose repeating their nibble, with the stumpy



teeth of that feeble antiquarian, poor old B. ! Should he be so rash as to undertake the part of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, at the instigation of his little associates—the lovers of cheese parings—we shall coolly spit upon, and thereby drown him for ever. The act will be benevolent, for when overwhelmed with hoots, it will save him the personal trouble of precipitating himself into a puddle.

The magazine to which we have alluded is a poor forlorn thing, supported principally by forlorn gratuitous contributions, from men misnamed antiquarians when in their prime, but now in a state of dotage, and a few articulated clerks to bad architects. They have, we are told, observed, that our principal objection to modern buildings is, that they contain “no cupboards.” On this point they are, it seems, remarkably free and facetious. God help them ! poor little boys ! No cow in Christendom would see the utility of a watch-fob ; for the same reason our juvenile architects cannot appreciate the convenience of cupboards. *They have nothing to put in them !*

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LINCOLNSHIRE LUMINARY.—The Bill for the Emancipation of the Jews was read a second time on the evening of the 22d. Exquisite was the moaning of Sir Robert Inglis over this last and most diabolical inroad upon our “glorious constitution.” When the Test and Corporation acts were repealed, Sir Robert’s croak was as ominous and intelligible as that of Southey’s raven.

“The raven he croaked as he sat at his meal,  
And the *old woman* knew what he said.”

At the time of the Emancipation of the Catholics, his anathemas were dire, but when the Jews were spoken of as likely to elbow the Baronet in the way to the HOUSE—the holy of holies !—his pious and constitutional rage had well nigh throttled him. Why does not the high-minded Sir Robert leave an ungrateful country to legislate for itself. He rises, night after night, for no purpose but to sit down again. His warnings are lost upon a headstrong and misguided people. His oracles are treated with no more respect than Irving’s latest—he might as well deliver them in the unknown tongue. Retire, great legislator, in all the dignity of offended virtue. Retire, great luminary of Lincolnshire, with the proud consciousness of having resisted to your utmost, all attempts at innovation, miscalled improvement, of revolution, miscalled reform—covered with the blessings of all placemen, sinecurists, and pensioners—the arch enemy to all innovators—the unflinching advocate of ancient infallibility—illustrious supporter of cups and balls—champion of RIGHTS DIVINE.

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EDITORS AND EARTHQUAKES.—In a Sussex paper, among the late fashionable arrivals at Horsham, an Earthquake is announced. Some boys, in order to obtain wherewith to boil the pot, had bored and blasted the stump of a felled oak on an adjacent common—hence the rumour which appalled the Sussex Editor. He tells us that “the goods in several shops *fell* !” If this were the case, Earthquakes have displayed a new feature—they are decidedly beneficial. “The scales,” our informant goes on to say, “were all set in motion !” If



this be true, the shop-keepers in forlorn, though once flourishing Fleet Street, should get up an Earthquake. As a climax to the gloomy grandeur of the scene, "*Mr. Hirst's hall-door bell rang!*" Is it possible? "We however," says the Editor, "knew nothing of the phenomenon until the next morning?" The Earthquake, therefore did not vouchsafe him a visit—it, uncourteously, omitted to ring his "hall-door bell!" Honoured Mr. Hirst! Unhappy Mr. Editor! The Earthquake evidently "cut him." Naughty boys! not to make your explosion ring the Editor's hall-door bell!

**THE MAN OF THE TOWN.**—We are very sorry to see any gentleman make a fool of himself, and more especially so if he happen to be a friend. This is the position in which a writer in a clever weekly paper is placed. He accuses us of "a true and genuine ignorance," and in his libel, *Scottice* speaking, not only acquits us of the unwarrantable charge, but fixes it indelibly on himself. He is so considerate—so benevolent—so bountiful—so much above any selfish feeling—so anxious for the due administration of critical justice, that he politely offers us a rotten egg to be duly hurled at his own head. Here it is. In a critique on an article, in our last number, he says:—

" 'Our Wood Engravers' is a clever article, though we think, most unnecessarily and unjustly severe on the *venerated* Northcote! It is absolutely slanderous, besides partaking of a *true and genuine ignorance* of the method in which artists study, to assert that Northcote was no animal painter, because he confessed to a friend of the writer that he went down to the academy to copy the figure of a *tiger*. How was Northcote to draw his 'spotted pard?' Was it not better to be guided by Rubens' picture, than to enter into the menagerie and copy from a half-starved confined brute, who had few of his proper lineaments left in him? and yet this would be called studying from *nature*. Which do artists generally prefer doing, if they want a lion to sit to them? do they attend upon Wombwell's, or do they place before them a model from Flaxman's design, who has stamped identity on the regal beast, while he has poetized him by his treatment? Why, they study a lion from Flaxman as Northcote did a tiger from Rubens."

My good fellow, they do no such thing! Blood and 'oons! do you think, man, the Landseers or Harvey go to Flaxman or Rubens when they can get at the same sources as those artists themselves? Where did Flaxman get his lion, and Rubens his tiger? Out of a menagerie to be sure, and to a menagerie, every artist who wished to paint a lion or tiger, *au naturel*, would doubtless go to make his sketches. Did a lion, in the deserts, ever sit to Flaxman, or a tiger to that renowned old ass Northcote? Even if they had, one glance, one rude sketch from nature, even in a menagerie, would be more valuable than the finest translations into art, either of the one or the other. There are numerous capital engravings extant, of nearly fifty animals, unknown in this country, but which, hearing that they were to be seen there in a living state, Harvey specially went to France to pourtray, in order, honestly, to execute the embellishments of a work on which he was engaged for a firm in Fleet Street. The Landseers were there at the same time, on nearly a similar errand. The latter, in fact, some time ago published a set of engravings, for the purpose

of shewing how unlike the animals of Rubens were to the animals of nature. Of this the Gentleman of the Town—who aspires to be an arbiter elegantiarum—ought to have been cognizant. The Landseers and Harvey, he should have been aware too, are pre-eminent on these points, and yet they may be seen, almost daily, instead of taking lions and tigers from Flaxman or Rubens, sketching, with blue fingers and red noses, the beasts in their dens, at one or other of the metropolitan menageries. The idea of Harvey copying a tiger from Rubens! Good heavens! From Rubens, who, to increase its terrors, has given the animal, in his pictures, *a double set of canine teeth!*

Does the Man of the Town think, that Edwin Landseer takes a wolf on the credit of Snyders, who had no better opportunity of depicting the animal than himself? No, he goes to nature. The Man of the Town evidently knows no more as to the manner in which great painters work, than any given Mrs. Jones. Satisfied as we are, that he cannot be the amiable and talented Editor, we beg leave to inform him, with all proper respect, that he is a most consummate ignorant ass!

The picture of Rubens was placed in the School of Painting, in order that the Students might see how the great master of execution handled his pencil. They were to study his freedom of style, his colouring—his touch—not to transfer his transcript of nature into their own compositions.

There is one point in which we differ from the Man of the Town—he is not a painter—we are. He knows nothing about art—we do. Therefore let him submit penitently to the cane—should he be rebellious, we shall lay it on thicker. The animal of Rubens was not only an outrage on fact, but bad as it was, Northcote could not *copy* it: he *traced* it. By the bye, we spoiled the anecdote by stating that a mere holiday occurred, to allow him the opportunity of doing so—furtively—unobserved by the students. It was not a common holiday. “*Fortunately*,” said Northcote, “*fortunately* the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE DIED; and while the academy was closed in consequence of that event, I had an opportunity of *tracing* the animal unperceived. *It was a sheer piece of complete luck.* The Princess seemed to have been born for no other purpose but to die at that critical moment on my behalf! Bless her!”

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## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

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### PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. PART VI. LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL.

The subjects contained in this part are prettily treated. The engraving is well executed, and effective. *Alice Lee*, after Chalon, is modest, yet high-bred; the action of the figure is simple and elegant—the costume tastefully composed. *Green Mantle*, by Parris, attracts the eye with brightness; the hair and jewellery are luxuriantly designed. The remaining characters are *The White Lady*, after H. Howard, R.A.; and *Lady Augusta*, from the painting of J. M. Wright.

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### THE SPIRIT OF THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE. NO. XXI. DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY F. HOWARD.

We should have been inclined to commend the enterprising spirit evinced in this work, however inadequately the artist may have performed his task, were not any praise we could bestow rendered superfluous by the artist in this concluding number. Had such a piece of undeserved panegyric been penned by an indiscreet friend, one might have pitied Mr. Howard, in fancying the many modest blushes it must have occasioned him; but seeing that his own name is subscribed to this braggadocio postscript, it is incumbent on us to state that we cannot perceive any originality of conception, any fine touches of character or expression, or any masterly drawing, throughout these outlines; they are, however, cleverly etched—they denote a taste for composition, and an industrious study of costume. But these merits surely do not justify an assumed superiority over the outlines of Retzsch and Flaxman, or warrant the assertion that the designs are as varied as the author they profess to illustrate!

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### THE TYROL. BY H. D. INGLIS. LONDON: WHITAKER & Co.

GIFTED as he is with a spirit of profound observation and philosophical deduction, we always peruse Mr. Inglis's works with pleasure and interest. In the two volumes before us, he has so skilfully grouped his materials, that the scenes he describes pass before us with all the graphic fidelity of a moving panorama. Had he sojourned longer in a land comparatively so little known, as the Tyrol, we should have gladly hailed from his able pen a well-digested chapter on the machinery of government, the civil and criminal code, and the system of fiscalization of those interesting regions. What little he has said on the subject, places in odious relieve the Machiavelian policy of the arch Metternich. The sketch of the Tyrolean Campaign, and the fate of the heroic Hoffer, is extremely spirited. There is, however, one section of the work, treating as it does a question of geographical science, that we cannot pass over in silence. We allude to the chapter on rivers, which is not written in the style we should have expected from so well-informed and intelligent a traveller as Mr. Inglis on other subjects. In the first place, his classification is throughout "en contresens." He places in the second rank only the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence! The length of the latter is 2120 miles, that of the former, including its branch the Missouri, is 5596—being the longest river on the face of the earth! He makes no mention of those great American streams, Madeira, Tapajoz, Xingu, Tocantins, and Rio Negro, and totally passes over the monarch of the European system—the mighty Volga, with its majestic course of about 1000 leagues. But this is not all; for a little farther on he gravely asserts,

that the sources of the great rivers of the American continent have never been visited. This is a palpable error; their sources are all known in North, and in some instances in South America. The head waters of the great rivers are quite in the vicinity of one another, and only divided by trivial heights of land. In his second edition, to which we have no doubt the general merits of the work will carry it, we would advise Mr. Inglis to give a well-drawn map of the Tyrol.

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GALLERY OF THE GRACES. PART V. LONDON: C. TILT.

THIS number is enriched with a free and tasteful engraving after CHALON, entitled *The Lady Adeline*, in which a certain regal dignity, combined with airy elegance, reminds one of the happiest graces of LAWRENCE. The action and expression of the head and disposition of the costume possess a charm which can result alone from a creative and refined taste; on this account we forgive too close an approximation to modern fashion. *Medora* and *Aurora*, by F. STONE, complete the part, which is by no means inferior to those which have preceded it.

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A TREATISE ON THE PHYSIOLOGY AND DISEASES OF THE EYE: CONTAINING A NEW MODE OF CURING CATARACT WITHOUT AN OPERATION. BY JOHN HAMILTON CURTIS. LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO.

MR. CURTIS has long been favourably known to the public by his works on the structure and diseases of the ear; and many, we hope, will have cause to rejoice that he has at length found time to turn his attention to that equally complicated, and even more important organ—the eye. In treating cases of deafness, where the vision happened likewise to be impaired, Mr. Curtis was struck with the fact, that while curing the deafness by *constitutional* remedies, the defect in the visual organ was also frequently removed. The consentaneous cure of two diseased organs by a treatment directed only to one of them, led Mr. Curtis to a more minute investigation of their connection with each other; and thence, through a chain of theoretical reasonings and practical experiments, to the important conclusion, that many diseases of the eye—some of them hitherto deemed incurable, and others not even attempted to be cured but by the knife—will yield to a judicious constitutional treatment, assisted by mild topical applications. The author supports his opinions by several cases, some of which are very interesting; but as our limits do not permit us to make any extracts, we must refer the reader to the book itself, which will be the more acceptable to him, as it is almost entirely free from professional technicalities.

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OLIVER CROMWELL. PAINTED BY DELAROCHE. ENGRAVED BY MAILE. LONDON: C. TILT.

The merit of this mezzotint is of a very high order. The unaffected simplicity of treatment accords admirably with the deep solemnity of the historical scene represented; Cromwell is lifting the lid of the coffin in which the body of the recently beheaded Charles Stuart lies shrouded: he gazes steadily on its dead features;—the impressive quiet of the composition is not disturbed by any artificial effect.

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THE COTTAGE MUSE. BY T. NOEL. LONDON: HATCHARD AND SON.

AN unpretending little collection of paraphrases from the most popular texts of scripture, and not inappropriately termed "*The Cottage Muse*." There are no sublime flights, and few appeals to the imagination; but the



verses have sufficient poetry to win the attention without offending the taste even of a more educated class than the writer probably aspires to interest.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED SPANIARDS. TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF QUINTANA. BY T. R. PRESTON. LONDON: FELLOWS.

THIS is a well-executed translation of a very interesting work by the first of living Spanish authors. Quintana has long enjoyed a deservedly high reputation both as a poet and historian. His style is clear, perspicuous, and elegant, and Mr. Preston has retained all the freshness and graces of the original. However, notwithstanding the general fidelity and accuracy of the performance, there are some passages which are open to objection. "En Leon no hubo dificultad *ninguna*," is translated thus: "In Leon he experienced *little* (instead of *no*) difficulty." Again: "Las panteras y las leones, de los desiertos parecen mil veces menos aborrecibles y crueles:"—literally, "the panthers and lions of the deserts appear a thousand times less horrible and cruel:"—which Mr. Preston, thus *improves*, "we cannot but give credit to the wild beasts of the desert as being far less cruel and sanguinary *in their ire* than is our own *reason-perverted* species." To select one other passage:—"Salían a verle las gentes a los caminos—senalabanle con el dedo por las calles—hasta las doncellas recatadas, pedían licencia a sus padres, para ir y saciar sus ojos, viendo a aquel varón insigne qui tan grande exemplo de integridad habia dado."—This literally runs thus, "The people ran out on the roads to see him. They pointed him out along the streets; even the retiring maidens begged permission of their fathers to go and satisfy their curiosity (eyes) by looking at the distinguished man who had given so great a proof of integrity."—The following is our translator's version: "As he passed along the roads, the people followed him *in crowds* pointing him out to their children as an object of veneration, while even the modest retiring maiden, banishing her fears, pressed forward to be gratified with a sight of this most noble warrior, who had given so great and so signal a proof of his virtue and integrity." But these are trivial offences, and we dismiss Mr. Preston's book with much approbation.

TWO LETTERS TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY UPON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE POOR LAWS. BY CHARLES WETHERALL, A. M. LONDON: MURRAY.

"Failing," quoth our author in his preface, "to effect any permanent good by various acts of charity in his own parish, the writer endeavoured to regulate the vestry meeting in conjunction with his efforts of benevolence, which enabled him to obtain a view of the practical operation of the poor laws." We cannot, however, perceive that the view which he thus obtained has been of a very liberal nature. He is altogether in favour of the existing state of things, and indignantly declares, that "the poor are most wickedly instructed to be dissatisfied with their lot." The work is dull, confused, and contains nothing tangible or novel upon the subject which it affects to treat.

USEFUL GEOMETRY PRACTICALLY EXPLAINED BY A SERIES OF DIAGRAMS. BY CHARLES TAYLOR. LONDON: SHERWOOD AND CO.

CICERO, in estimating all human productions, measured them so closely by the rules of art, that he considered whether the author, by a close adherence to them, had attained the object he had in view, rather than the moral influence and practical utility of his labours. Measured by this criterion, Mr. Taylor's work possesses great merit. He has skillfully attained his object in point, and has presented the public with a practical geometrical treatise, the utility of which, however, mathematically speaking, we ques-

tion, since it appears calculated to develop in the student a mere *mechanical* ingenuity, similar to what is derived from a familiar acquaintance with the diagrams of the Chinese puzzle.

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AN ALARM ON THE RIGHTS OF THE POOR AND PROPERTY OF THE RICH, IN DANGER FROM A SUPPOSED LAW REFORM. BY GEORGE STRICKLAND, ESQ., M. P. JAMES RIDGEWAY, PICCADILLY.

THIS is a pamphlet by the honourable member for one of the Ridings of Yorkshire, upon the subject of the bills introduced into the House of Commons in the present session, by the Solicitor General, for a very extensive alteration in the laws of inheritance and dower.

The first of these bills is for a limitation of the term of actions upon real property, from a period of sixty years, which for centuries has been the law of England, to twenty years, from and after the 31st December, 1833. This change will very obviously operate to the signal disadvantage and defeat of many unfortunate claimants of estates, who, by reason of poverty, the delay of the law, or the wealth of opponents, may by this enactment be henceforth shut out from all chance of prosecuting the most just claims. To those who are aware of the extreme difficulty of forming a pedigree, which is always indispensable, and usually, by reason of the loss of parish registers, the defacement or destruction of monuments, or the possession of documents by the opposing party—a process of many years in duration, it becomes apparent that an unreasonable limitation of the term to a period of twenty years, will bar the efforts of the majority of claimants, and shield the unjust possessors of many large estates. The second clause has a retrospective operation, limiting the period for actions upon all now resting claims to twenty years from the commencement of the supposed right. A number of instances of extreme hardship and oppression under this enactment have been detailed in petitions to the House of Commons against the measure; and Mr. Strickland, in terms of great humanity, and with a very considerable knowledge of the law of real property, enters his protest against this very unjust bill.

By the other bill, the Solicitor General proposes to annul the right of dower. This Mr. Strickland chivalrously opposes; but we most cordially applaud it. As the law now stands, a purchaser of any freehold is under the necessity of getting it conveyed for a term of one thousand years or so, to a friend, for the purpose of barring dower, otherwise he would never be able to dispose of it again without the sanction of his wife. The proposed bill would do away with this expensive absurdity.

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THE GERMAN READER. BY ADOLPHUS BERNAYS. LONDON: TREUTTEL AND CO.

WE are no advocates for that new-fangled system of education—"the gallop of intellect," as it may be called, which professes to make the student clear the rugged hill of science at a leap. We are old-fashioned enough still to put faith in the Italian proverb, "*Chi va piano, va sano, ed anche lontano.*" In education, we should say that M. Bernays is a *doctrinaire*, for he has hit upon a "*juste milieu*" between the old and new systems. The interlinear translations are so judiciously given, that the curiosity of the student is excited without being enervated, and the idiomatic peculiarities of the German are so skilfully grouped, and placed in such juxtaposition, that they are mastered at a single glance. The selections are pleasing and well chosen. In fact, we have never seen a work more calculated to facilitate the acquirement of the German tongue. Compared to many of its kind, the traveller will find it is as superior as the macadamized highways of the duchy of Nassau to the sandy roads of Hanover and the north of Prussia.

THE HELIOTROPE, OR PILGRIM IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH. LONDON :  
LONGMAN AND CO.

OUR readers will agree with us, that he is a bold man, who, in times so unpropitious to the muse, attempts to travel in the track of Byron. And yet here is a poet who has done so, if not with entire success, at least without incurring any thing like the disgrace of failure. The construction of the poem before us, and that of *Childe Harold*, are nearly identical. Both are descriptive of the most remarkable scenes and objects that meet the pilgrim's eye, interspersed with such reflections as they may suggest. Our author is never tame, and he occasionally rises into considerable elevation of style and sentiment.

A SYSTEM OF GEOGRAPHY, ON A NEW AND EASY PLAN. FOURTEENTH EDITION. BY THOMAS ERVING, EDINBURGH : OLIVER AND BOYD. LONDON : SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL.

ALL the world, now-a-days, pretend to understand geography, and every literary aspirant thinks himself qualified to write upon this science. Yet, to succeed, he must be a mathematician and astronomer—he well grounded not only in the history of his own country but of every other—possess sound ideas upon politics and commerce ; upon physics and natural history ; and be able to compare, "*en philosophe*," the manners and customs of the various nations on our globe. Such is geography, a science so vast that it embraces the whole circle of human knowledge ; and yet, judging from the numbers of works that the press almost monthly brings forth, nothing it would appear is more easy than to write an elementary treatise on this science. But with a few honourable exceptions these treatises have become the *prey* of writers who know nothing of geography ; they are all cast in the same mould, display the same ignorance of facts and absence of just criticism, and are, in fact, nothing more than modifications of old works, with the addition of scraps of recent travels, and of figures copied, "*au hazard*," from the journals of the day. Yet this chaos of heterogeneous materials, this monstrous admixture of truth and falsehood, this tessellated work of contemporary things and of things that existed centuries ago, is put into the hands of the students as a luminous source of geographical science.

These remarks, we are sorry to say, apply to the work before us. It abounds with errors. We pass over the statistical blunders as from the difficulty of gaining access to legitimate resources of information, particularly in the despotic governments, we must often times rest satisfied with approximate details. But the case is different with political geography. We shall cite one glaring inaccuracy as a proof of the ignorance or the carelessness of the compiler. Under the head of the Argentine republic (*Buenos Ayres*), he says, "*Monte Video*, formerly the capital of *Rio Grande*, is now an independent republic." This would provoke a smile at the Brazilian and Buenos Ayrean Legations. *Monte Video* never formed part of the province of *Rio Grande* of which *Porto Alegre* is the capital, but when annexed to Brazil was the capital of a distant province—*Cisplatina*, now the republic of the *Banda Oriental del Uruguay*.

MEMOIRS OF SILVIO PELLICO, TRANSLATED BY THOMAS ROSCOE.  
LONDON : WHITTAKER AND CO.

HERE is another victim of the Holy Alliance, of that Machiavelian system that delivered over the north of Italy to the surveillance of an Austrian police—a police that, Proteus-like, assumes every form—the domino of the masquerade—the tonsure of the priest—the moustache of the soldier—the



livery of the valet—that occupies the academic chair of the professor, and sits enthroned in the boudoir of the courtesan. Upwards of 100,000 Austrian troops occupy at this moment the Lombardo Venetian kingdom, while a rapacious administration bleeds it through every pore. But we need no better commentary on the tender mercies of the Austrian government than the highly interesting work before us.

Arrested in the year 1820 on a charge of carbonarism, Silvio Pellico, after passing two years of probationary incarceration in the dungeons at Venice, was sent off to the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. The cruelties he saw and endured are almost of a nature to stagger belief, did we not well know the spirit of the Austrian government. His companion in misfortune, Piero Maroncelli, a distinguished poet, was, during his confinement, obliged to submit to the amputation of a limb; and it will be scarcely credited, that although the danger was imminent, it was necessary to send off a courier to Vienna for permission to perform the operation. After eight years and a half incarceration they were liberated by the *clemency* of the Emperor Francis. Pellico, on reaching Vienna, relates that he was taken by the police agent, who accompanied him to see the gardens of Schönbrunn. The emperor suddenly approached, and the commissary hastily made him retire, lest his emaciated person should give the monarch pain. Had this *employé* known his imperial master as well as we do, he might have saved himself the trouble; for the man who could listen with the most phlegmatic indifference to the bulletin of the battle of Wagram, and then rise and coolly say, “Now let us go and feed the pigeons,” would have betrayed no emotion, or felt no sympathy at the sufferings of an Italian Carbonaro.

We have read this little work with pleasure, for it has improved our opinion of the human heart. In the gloomy fortress of Spielberg, beneath the obdurate influence of Austrian tyranny, in the bosoms even of its myrmidons, some of the warmest affections of our nature are perceived. Let those of our readers who may be sceptical on this point read the death-bed scene of the Veteran Schiller, the gaoler of Spielberg, and they will arrive at the same conclusion as ourselves.

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LECTURES ON POETRY AND GENERAL LITERATURE. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY. LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO.

THESE lectures were delivered by Mr. Montgomery, at the Royal Institution, in the years 1830-1. They are precisely what might be expected from the general character of the writer's muse; at once elegant and natural, with the refinements of a most delicate perception conveyed in words of unaffected simplicity. Mr. Montgomery ventures no new theory—makes no new startling discovery; but, merely recommends and enforces received opinions by winning diction, and illustrations from the stores of a mind, enriched and elevated by a contemplation of the noblest things in their high and subtle essences. One example must serve of the style in which the writer has treated his subject; one proof of the critical acuteness and poetic sympathy which the author has brought to his task. He is contending for the pre-eminence of poetry over the sister arts. He takes “the Dying Gladiator,” and opposes to it the two splendid stanzas from *Childe Harold*.

“Myriads of eyes had gazed upon that statue; through myriads of minds all the images and ideas connected with the combat and the fall, the spectators and the scene had passed away in the presence of that unconscious marble which has given immortality to the pangs of death; but not a soul among all the beholders through eighteen centuries—not one had ever before thought of ‘the rude link,’ the ‘Dacian mother,’ the ‘young barbarians.’ At length came *the poet* of passion; and looking down upon ‘the dying



Gladiator" (less as what it was than what it represented), turned the marble into man, and endowed it with human affections; and away over the Apennines and over the Alps, away on the wings of irrepressible sympathy, flew his spirit to the banks of the Danube, where, 'with his heart,' were the 'eyes' of the victim, under the night-fall of death; for 'there were his young barbarians all at play, and there their Dacian mother.' This is nature; this is truth. While the conflict continued, the combatant thought of himself only; he aimed at nothing but victory;—when life and this were lost, his last thoughts, his sole thoughts, would turn to his wife and little children."

Throughout the "Lectures," we meet the same intelligent and thoughtful spirit combining, analysing, illustrating, with readiness, perspicuity, and beauty. We could have wished the writer had addressed himself more to the elder English poets—though, certainly, that golden field had been well reaped by Hazlitt. We cordially recommend these "Lectures" to those who would fain know what constitutes poetry—to those who would fain untie "the hidden soul" of that divinest harmony. To the student they are especially valuable.

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A NEW TREATISE ON CHESS. BY GEORGE WALKER. SECOND EDITION ENLARGED AND IMPROVED. LONDON: SHERWOOD & Co.

SOME twelvemonths since considerable excitement was produced in the chess-playing world, by the appearance of a little work at the very low price of three shillings and sixpence, professing to teach the science of Chess. The high priced authors were all scandalized at this innovation in Chess literature, and of course predicted the failure of the experiment:—but the matter at issue was in the hands of an enlightened public, and before the expiration of a year the call for a second edition has dissipated for ever the golden visions of the authors of guinea octavos in large type. The price of the volume, has now been raised to five shillings and sixpence, but the additional matter, apart from its intrinsic worth, is nearly equal in bulk to the original. That most beautiful opening known by the name of its inventor, Captain Evans, upon which very little has hitherto been written, occupies eleven pages of the work. The analysis has been most carefully made and the best modes of attack are laid down with an air of decision that at once gains the student's confidence, and shews the author to be thoroughly acquainted with his subject. If we were inclined to find fault with Mr. Walker, we should say that he has not shewn us any defence: indeed the intention manifest throughout the work is to teach the best methods of attack. But after all, perhaps this is the only sure way to make a good player, for we know practically that one who confines his play to defensive operations seldom if ever improves, and that he who is the most irresistible in his attacks shews also the greatest subtlety and resources in his defence. Where all is good it is difficult to particularize, but we may point attention to the chapters on the Muzio and Bishop's Gambits, as being particularly worthy of commendation. The ends of games with pawns are highly instructive, and the problems very ingenious and entertaining. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this to be not only the best book on Chess that has ever been written, but one which with a little addition would entirely supersede the necessity of other works so far as relates to their practical utility. We allude to those games in which some advantage is given; and we strenuously recommend Mr. Walker to perfect a future edition of his book, by adding to it the valuable information he possesses on this subject. We have only detected one error, which the author we are sure will thank us for pointing out. It occurs in page 101, move 20; instead of Kt. or R. takes K. B. P. and wins—it should be R takes P. checking—for if white take with Kt. black would checkmate.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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ON the 1st of July will commence, in monthly numbers, *The National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture*, in the best style of outline engraving, on steel, with a description of each subject, and a brief memoir of the artist, under the superintendence of Mr. Valpy. The work will be printed on fine paper, in 8vo., and each part will contain, on an average, twelve engravings.

A History of the Manufacturing Population; comprising its Moral, Social, and Physical Condition; its Manners, Habits, Modes of Living, &c. &c., with the State of Health, peculiar Diseases, and Rate of Mortality; and embracing an Examination of Infant Labour, Factory Labour, &c. &c., is on the eve of publication, in one volume 8vo.

Mr. Madden, well known by his popular *Travels in Turkey*, has just committed to the press a new work, entitled *The Infirmities of Genius*.

A tale, understood to be from the pen of Miss Knight, author of "Dinarbas," and "Marius Flaminius," is just ready for publication, entitled *Sir Guy de Lusignan*.

Nearly ready for publication, editions in English and French of *The Language of Flowers*, with beautifully coloured plates.

*Romances of the Chivalric Ages*, a new work, illustrating the manners and customs of the middle ages, embellished with numerous characteristic etchings, will shortly be published.

Preparing for publication, a *Treatise on Roads*, in which the right principles to be followed are explained and illustrated by the plans, specifications, and contracts, made use of by Thomas Telford, Esq., on the Holyhead road. By Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. One Volume, 8vo., with plates.

Preparing for publication, in an octavo volume, *History of the Manufacturing Population*, comprising its moral, social, and physical conditions—its manners, habits, and modes of life; and embracing an examination of infant labour, and of factory labour in general, with its rate of mortality, peculiar diseases, &c. &c.

*Great Rivers of Europe*.—Just ready, elegantly bound, price One Guinea, *Turner's Annual Tour; or, The River Scenery of Europe*, containing twenty-one plates, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., engraved by the first artists, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath; with literary illustrations, embodied in the narrative of a tour, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq.

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## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

OUR expectations, expressed in the last Report, have been most gloriously verified—a favourable change took place in the first week of the present month, and from that period to the present day, we have enjoyed the warmest, most genial, and most delightful state of the atmosphere that the most poetical imagination could conceive: yet the wind adheres to its old partiality for the north-eastern quarter. The warmth of the weather has contri-

buted to the restoration of the health of men and animals, lately in such imminent peril, and the sudden improvement in the appearance and condition of all the productions of the soil, is most wonderful and delightful to behold, affording us the grateful and enlivening prospect of a generally plentiful season, which, unfortunately, has been a stranger in our country during some years past. The heats have been, for the most part great, notwithstanding the wind has been so constant to the cold quarters, and some of the heavy, wet clay lands began to be parched, until they were relieved and improved by the soaking showers of the 19th instant. At the commencement of the month, every production was backward—corn, grasses, and fruits; even the earliest sown spring crops were but just appearing above ground; much also of the labours of the field were in arrear: in short, the present has been held the latest season since 1782, and, according to our recollection, with truth. We have often given our opinion in favour of early sowing of the Lent crops; but the present season has afforded a palpable objection to that general rule—at any rate, with regard to clays and heavy wet lands, and perhaps to all poor soils in which, during a cold and ungenial spring, the seed may lie to rot and perish. In such seasons, taking the late for an eminent example, farmers, who possess sufficient strength in men and cattle to make sudden expeditions and effective exertions, had better await that favourable change which a late season may offer. The unspeakable advantage will so be obtained of putting the seed into the ground under a good tilth, and the increased solar influence will have the effect of pushing forward vegetation with a rapidity which will render ample amends for previous loss of time. According to our observations, this plan of late sowing, if it have any deteriorating effect on the produce, it consists rather in the quality than in the bulk.

The wheats, our paramount object, have made the most rapid advance conceivable during the nearly three weeks of favourable weather. They have exchanged the russet brown and yellow hue and rough surface which they wore in April, for a most beautiful, deep, glossy, smooth and shining green; and should warm and seasonable weather continue, and the blooming process be got over fortunately, there need be little doubt of a full average crop; and it may be remembered that the quantity of land sown with wheat is very great, perhaps greater than in any previous year. Such has been the sudden advance of the wheats on our best lands during the present warmth, and so great their luxuriance, that we should describe those we have seen as *spring-proud*, were there such a term in use. Gracious heaven! what an immense difference would subsist in the quantity of this staff of life, were our lands free from the exhausting burden of weeds of every description, which constantly choaks them, and were they in that state of garden-cleanness which their so infinitely superior consequence demands. Spade of Jethro Tull, what wouldst thou say to our, in this respect, disgraceful practice of husbandry, couldst thou revisit mother earth? Too great a portion of the lands are eaten up with couch, which, with dock and thistles, maintains an emulous struggle against the corn for subsistence and superiority. In those districts where charlock prevails, women have been employed, but little benefit can be thence expected upon broad-cast crops. We remember, many years since, speaking to some women and boys who were weeding, but appeared to pass over the charlock; on asking the reason, the answer was, "Oh, we never meddle with that, because it always will come in this country." The wheats, even upon cold, damp, unfertile lands, appear tolerably thick upon the ground, and to promise full as much as we can rationally expect from them.

Barley and oats appear generally promising, especially the latter; so much, however, cannot be said of the barleys upon wet, heavy or clay soils, on which indeed that crop should seldom be risked. Beans and pease look



remarkably well; but they are risk crops, and little can be predicted of them with any degree of certainty until the eve of harvest. The clovers and tares, or vetches, exceed our expectations; and as to the meadows and all grasses, they equal the promise of last year at the same period, affording the prospect of an equal crop of hay. The hops have received signal benefit from the change of weather, and the vines universally are growing very fast, and wear a very healthy appearance. The insect has been observed in some plantations, which might well be expected from the state of the weather previous to the change. A Rev. Gentleman has lately published a method for preventing the ravages of the turnip-fly. We have often been amused by similar pretensions. Now the turnip-fly must eat—indeed would be egregiously foolish to starve in the midst of plenty—and never did a certain state of the atmosphere occur, nor ever can it occur, unaccompanied by the appropriate number of turnip-flies; and if we may venture to divulge our plan, instead of making war upon turnip-flies' eggs, it should go to the prevention of atmospheric blight during the turnip season, beyond a doubt an equally feasible projection. All garden produce is in profusion; fruit of all kinds in high promise, the apple crop particularly, the buds being firmly knit, and apparently out of danger. These favourable appearances have reduced the price of cider, the general beverage of our south western districts. Felling oaks commenced with the month. The timber never stripped better, the bark of excellent quality: but the low price of timber, and still lower of bark, will probably have the effect of a less extensive fall in the present year than in the last; these articles, as well as others, are affected by extensive import, and in this case by the preference given to the foreign article. The fallows for potatoes, mangel-wurtzel, and turnips, have been highly improved by the late fine weather; and the seed processes for those are in full operation, with the encouragement of sanguine hopes. The repeated sowings of last season so exhausted the stock of fresh turnip seed, that a too just apprehension of the tricks of trade leaves no doubt that old and barren seed will be mixed with the good; whence it behoves growers to be very cautious as to those on whom they depend for a supply.

Sheep of all descriptions, tegs, couples, sell readily, and at high prices. The superior sorts of store cattle are perhaps somewhat reduced in price, the graziers being stocked; but barreners (cows) have lately sold well. Pigs are somewhat lower. Good horses, as usual scarce, still maintain good, but not the former very high prices, for which several reasons might be assigned. The import of horses continues very considerable, confined indeed to the slow and quick draught species. The Belgian cart-horses are said to have some of the blood of the Old Suffolks, a rare breed, which we knew, and which that great county should never have suffered to become extinct. The last and good crop of wheat appears to have, in some measure, benefitted our farmers, if we may judge from their rick-yards, which appear as well filled as usual at this season; but they are generally dissatisfied with the present reforming and cautious Ministry, from their refusal to repeal the malt duty, whilst the commercial party are in a similar state in regard to the assessed taxes.

*The Dead Markets*, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.—Mutton, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.—Lamb, 5s. 2d. to 6s. 8d.—Veal, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 1d.—Pork, 3s. 2d. to 5s. 0d. dairy.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 42s. to 62s.—Barley, 22s. to 32s.—Oats, 14s. to 24s.—London Loaf, 4lb., 9d.—Hay, 50s. to 78s.—Clover ditto, 60s. to 100s.—Straw, 24s. to 33s.

*Coal Exchange*.—Coals in the Pool, 12s. 6d. to 20s. per ton.—Delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9s. to 12s. per ton.

*Middlesex, May 24.*



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